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THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

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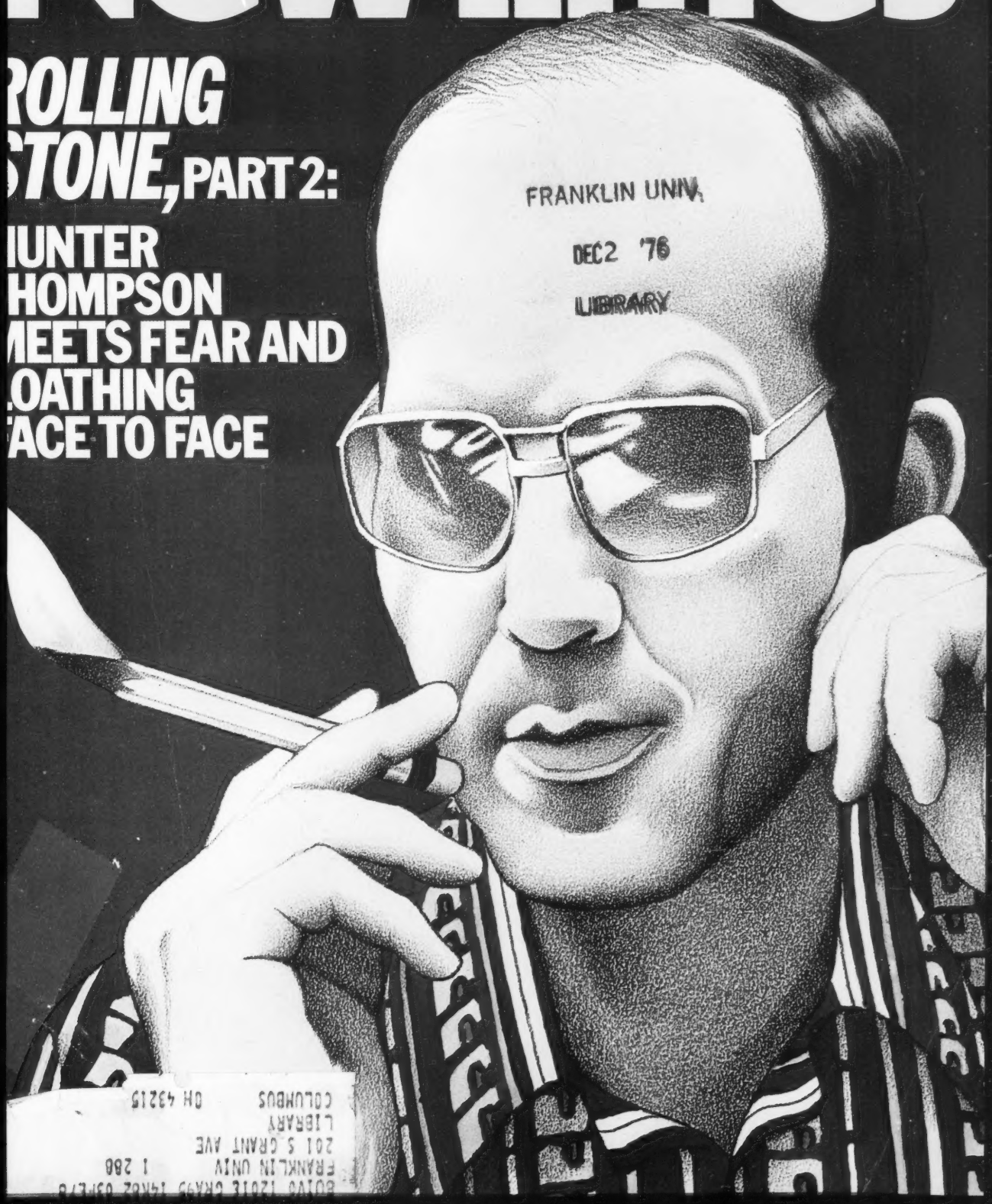
ROLLING STONE, PART 2:

HUNTER THOMPSON MEETS FEAR AND LOATHING FACE TO FACE



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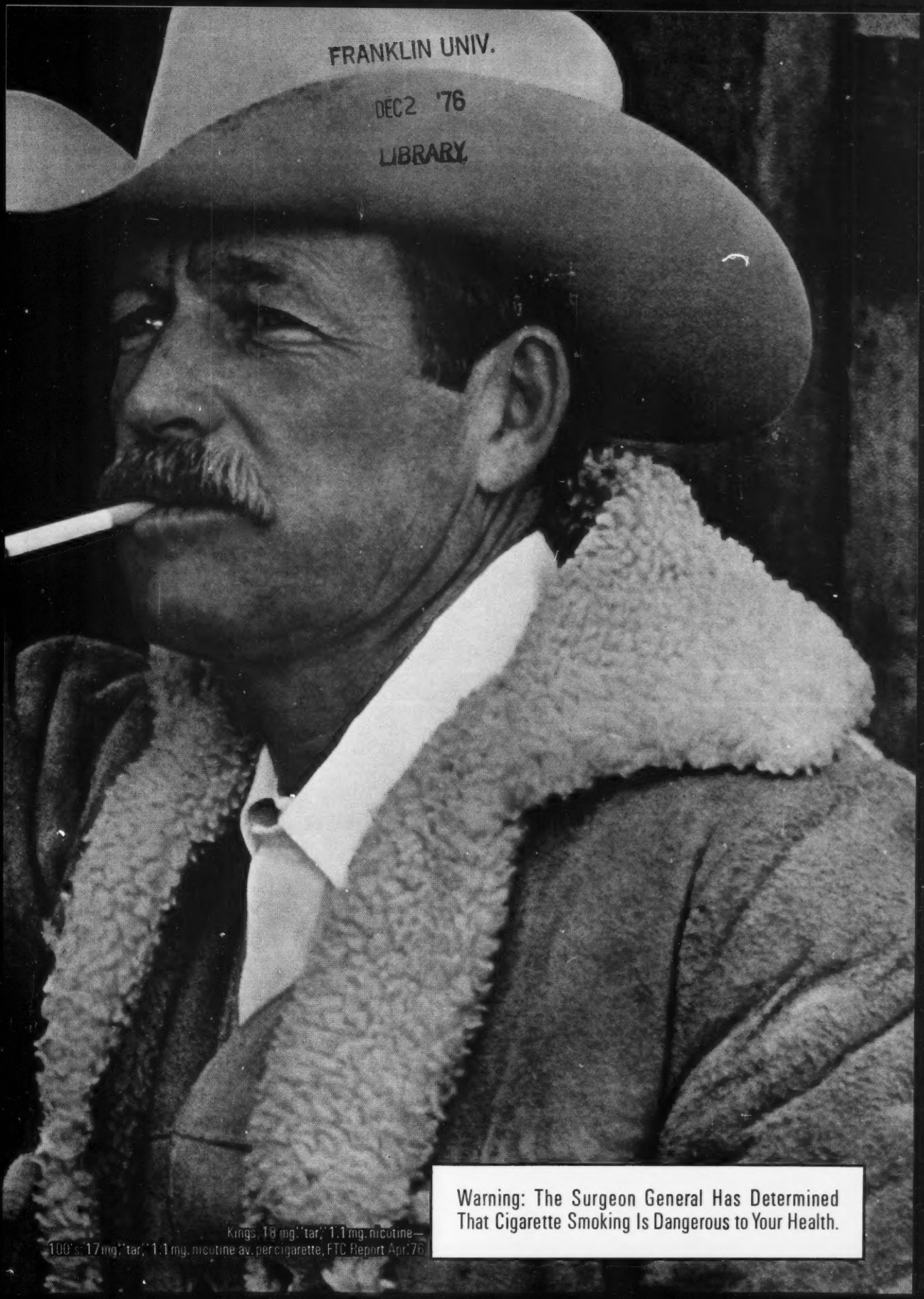
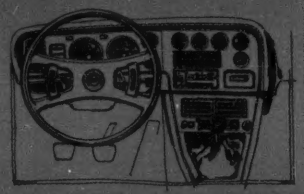


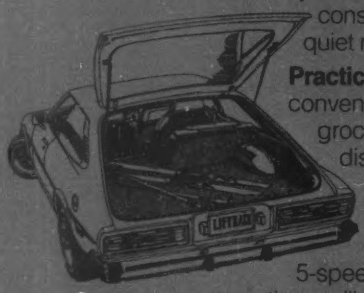
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—
100's: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

THE SPORTS CARWAGON



The 1977 Corolla Liftbacks uniquely combine the features of a sporty car and a family wagon. Plus Toyota's durability and toughness—like welded unitized-body construction, not nuts and bolts, so you get a quiet ride.



Practical. A fold down, split rear seat makes these '77 Liftbacks three ways convenient: Carry two passengers. Carry one. Or carry up to 20 bags of groceries. And every Liftback comes with no-cost features like power front disc brakes, steel-belted radials, and many more. SR-5 Liftbacks also come with 5-speed overdrive transmission and sporty mag-type wheels as standard equipment.

Sporty. Performance is backed by a 1.6 liter engine. Match it with a 5-speed, the Deluxe model's standard 4-speed, or the optional 3-speed automatic, you'll get great gas mileage and performance. For example: In 1977 EPA tests, the Deluxe model with 4-speed transmission got 39 mpg highway, 28 mpg city. These mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California and EPA designated high altitude ratings will be lower. If you can find a better built small car than Toyota...buy it.

YOU GOT IT.

1977 Corolla Liftback Deluxe

1977 Corolla Liftback SR-5

THE TOYOTA COROLLA LIFTBACK

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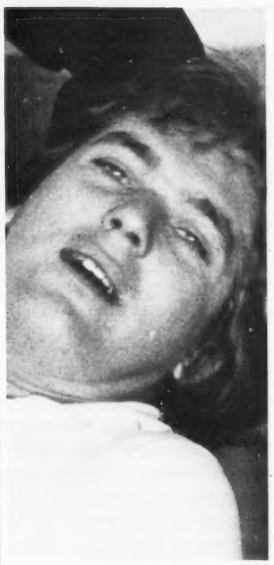
DECEMBER 10, 1976
VOLUME 7, NUMBER 12

New Times

The *Rolling Stone* saga, part two

In which the aging *wunderkind*, Jann Wenner, and the Mad-Dog Prince of Gonzo, Hunter Thompson, revive and barely survive each other and the 1970s.
By Robert Sam Anson
Page 22



Skirmish over smokers' rights

Light up in the wrong place in Chicago and you'll be hauled into court and fined. Take a drag in a San Francisco ice cream parlor and sirens will squeal on you. Smoking in public places, once an unquestioned act, is now a hotly contested civil rights issue.
By Ruth Rosenbaum
Page 47

The day the workers took over

Just ten blocks from the White House, the control of a $60 million insurance company has been passed from management to the workers, but not without some dissent on both sides. "Democracy," as IGP's founder, James Gibbons, observes, "is about as foreign to most Americans as an African tribal rite."
By Daniel Zwerdling
Page 38

Party Lines
Will the vice-presidency be Mondale's "splendid misery"?
By Robert Shrum
Page 4

Slow Down
A postelection vote for a national third party.
By James S. Kunen
Page 6

The Insider
Page 13

REVIEWS

Movies: Rocky and the horror show
Author/star Stallone and director De Palma have some stories to tell.
By Richard Corliss
Page 62

Music: The sound of Juzek
Bass player Ron Carter plays solo when the club gets noisy.
By Frank Conroy
Page 63

Books: Death's personal touch
John Keegan does a heroic study of war in *The Face of Battle*.
By Geoffrey Wolff
Page 70

Final Tribute
The Bellevue Hotel falls victim to the Legionnaires' disease.
By Lawrence Wright
Page 76

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Party Lines

Fritz who?/By Robert Shrum

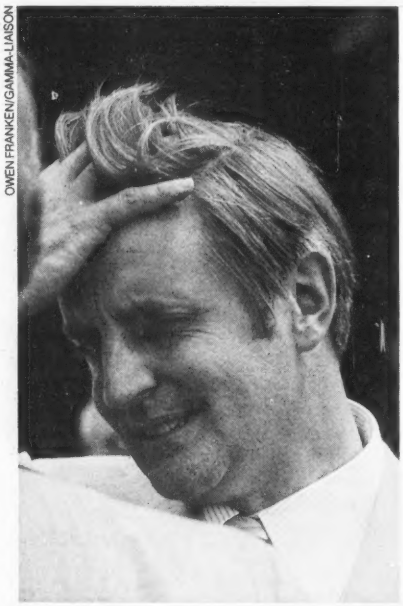
"The vice-presidency," worries a Mondale friend, "is like a Sally Quinn or Oriana Fallaci interview. Each one thinks it's going to be better for him than it was for the others." A vice-president is an embodied intimation of mortality across the cabinet table. The president, who cannot fire him during the four-year term, tends to contrive his total subordination as an administration flack (who clears the words with the White House) and funeral attender (but when Churchill died, Johnson pointedly denied Humphrey even that).

The road to what John Adams called "that splendid misery"—19-gun salutes for touting or toadying to the man who rates 21—is repaved perenially with good intentions. Nixon, according to a national news magazine in 1969, thought Agnew was "very capable as an administrator and will use him in that capacity rather than as a slambang orator, which is not his best talent." Kennedy promised Johnson major responsibilities. Then there is Nelson Rockefeller, whose most memorable achievement in office may be giving the first public vice-presidential finger.

When Mondale's associates are asked why his fate will be different, they all reply with a phrase about his "personal relationship" with Carter. "It's the only thing we can base our projection on: it was surprisingly close, surprisingly supportive," one of them says. It is also surprisingly new: the running mates of 1976 had never spoken more than pleasantries until Carter held the vice-presidential tryouts in Plains last summer. Ironically, in October 1975, just before he quit the presidential race, Mondale said he would like Carter as his vice-president. Carter was "not interested," but he appreciated "the compliment." After returning it at the Democratic convention, he talked with Mondale on the phone about once every three days during the campaign.

Sometimes, they were both too tired to exchange more than memoirs of the last stop—"I was in Flint [or Des Moines or Boston] and had a good crowd." But several times, Mondale pressed a critical point, suggesting to Carter during the *Playboy* flap that they bring the campaign back to their issues by hammering on the economy, advising him in mid-October to temper the personal attacks on Ford. Early on, Mondale had to dissent publicly. When a reporter asked him about Carter's endorsement of the Burger Court, he cautiously declined any immediate comment. But he knew, as he said to staff members in the front compartment of his plane, that his credibility was on the line. "I can't agree with that. But I don't want to attack him." So at the next stop, he minimized the difference while admitting it.

His confidence increased steadily. At first he was uneasy, feeling his way, but he became much surer of himself, much more comfortable. Gene McCarthy thought he was entirely too comfortable, quipping that Mondale "has the soul of a vice-president." It seemed so on occasion, especially when he virtually ranked Carter's autobiography among the great books of the Western world, or in his victory speech when he prematurely canonized Carter as "one of the greatest men in American history." A friend apologizes that what Mondale really meant was "most remarkable. It was based on his own attempt to run and its failure. He admires and respects what it took for an unknown like Carter to go out there and organize and unseat an incumbent president." Mondale's staff kidded him about what one of them called the "Massa Jimmy" syndrome. And he responded in kind: "I guess I am showing an awful lot of gratitude just because the guy made me who I am. People must find it so genuine," he said ironically.



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Mondale: Nice guys finish second.

So Mondale stopped doing it, except for the exuberant lapse of election night. "He didn't have to do it once he felt he was making a difference," a traveling companion concludes. "The debate was the turning point: it gave him tremendous confidence. Mondale couldn't believe Dole. He was pissed; his instinct was to strike back. But he waited for the right opportunity and pounced on the 'Democrat wars.' Afterwards, he was reluctant to believe it had gone that well. The next day, for the first time, he had star quality. They were reaching out to touch him in the crowd at Belleville, Illinois."

But even in the moment of his triumph, Mondale was reminded of the vice-presidency's lesser state. No Gallup, Harris or Roper had bothered to survey after the debate. His staff kept telling the press on the plane about the only poll they could find, AP's panel of debate coaches, whose verdict was 5–0, and whose chairman, Professor James Unger of Georgetown University, was quoted on the front page of the *Washington Post* as judging that "Mondale, who prior to the contest many thought was a little town near Pasadena, had scored a stunning success. Viewers might well have concluded that the order of the ticket should be reversed." But the bottom half of this ticket had to wait until election night for the network numbers to confirm that he was the margin of victory.

Now he has his Xeroxes of the transition briefing books and a promise from Carter to consult him on appointments and policy. Carter has told him that he will have specific responsibilities in the areas of medical care, crime and drugs. He is slated to be an ombudsman for the cities. But the vice-presidency fits no organization chart except the Constitution: it is the lot of the vice-presidents to be forever reading the tea leaves of another man's mood. Mondale prefers to read nothing into the fact that in the postelection days, while he was at Caneel Bay and Carter was vacationing on St. Simons Island, the President-elect never made one of those regular phone calls. And an associate dismisses the significance of the joint press conference where Mondale sat mute at

the foot of the stage: "We arrived expecting a triumphal entry into Plains. No one was there. Fritz spent hours with Jimmy. As a favor to his friend Mondale—it would make him look good—the press conference suddenly was billed as joint. No one knew how it would work. It didn't."

Others have lost a portion of their souls trying to make their vice-presidencies work. Mondale now faces the question of what he will be required and ready to give. In the campaign, "he took the Carter positions he agreed with and stuck with them," according to an aide. "He never really admitted there was a waffle." Such a combination of conscience and compromise has been Mondale's way in the Senate. One colleague characterizes him as always having been somebody's "good boy, first Humphrey's, now Carter's." Mondale has said that he did not express his opposition to the war before 1969 because speaking out would have embarrassed Humphrey as vice-president. Another critic argues that as a member of the Finance Committee, Mondale has been Russell Long's good boy. "Fritz has a great voting record on tax reform, but in early 1975, when there was a ferocious fight to repeal the oil depletion allowance, he refused to lead it. Kennedy had to step in: Mondale wanted to preserve his relationship with Long." But Mondale was also the senator who took up the hopeless cause of the open housing bill in 1968. In the words of William Spring, a former committee staffer who worked with him, "He really cares about issues. He fought for legal services for the poor through three go-arounds and finally won."

After all and first of all, Mondale is a politician. He has come a long way from his junior year at Macalester College in 1947, when he invited Henry Wallace to address the student body. He didn't get here from there by being all principle and no pragmatism. Last May, before Mondale knew him, he thought that Carter might not be experienced enough, that he might be a closet conservative. By July, after their meeting (and out of necessity?), Mondale had discovered a different Carter. But one of his closest advisers insists that he would draw a line if he had to: "There could be no troop buildup in Chile with Fritz Mondale as vice-president. There could be no Watergate." In 1968, he refused to manage Humphrey's campaign for the nomination until his fellow Minnesotan promised him that John Connally would not be the vice-presidential nominee.

Mondale does not expect his relationship with Carter to come to that kind of sticking point. To him, the mystery of Carter is that there is no mystery—that he is as he says. One night this fall, Mondale mused aloud in his hotel room: "Carter is different. He's Southern: he has no reluctance to talk intimately about how he feels about people, God, love. People like us, when we sit down and talk with one another, we get a feeling about each other that is unspoken, and we think it's supposed to be that way. We're suspicious of too much honesty about feelings."

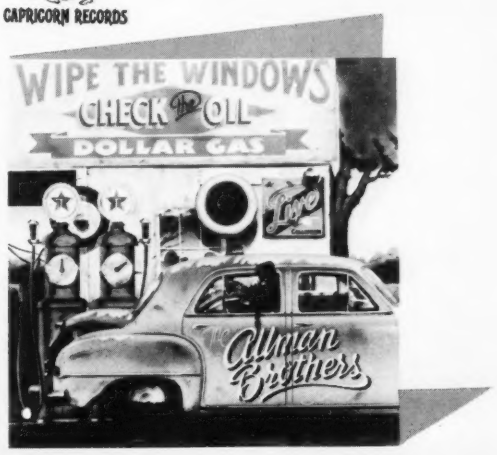
Fritz Mondale isn't suspicious. He isn't paranoid about joint press conferences that aren't, phones that don't ring for a day or two. He is at ease with himself and his situation. A staff member who has seen other candidates remembers nearly in awe that "never once in the campaign, in moments of stress and pressure, did he utter a venal word." He would lose his temper, though not often; the staff would tease him about the imperial vice-presidency and he would laugh. However it all turns out, even if Mondale does go the way of other vice-presidents in the end, maybe it is good enough for now to know that a nice guy can finish at least second.

Wipe The Windows, Check The Oil, Dollar Gas.

The Allman Brothers Band on Capricorn Records and Tapes, Macon, Ga.

As procreators of what was later to be termed "Southern Music," The Allman Brothers Band achieved legendary status through years of hard road work in the gladiatorial arena of today's concert halls where they always gave the fans their money's worth. *Wipe The Windows, Check The Oil, Dollar Gas* is a 2-lp collection of previously unreleased live recordings that continues the group's tradition of delivering the rock and roll goods. Recorded over a three-year period, the album features historic performances from New Year's Eve, 1972, at the Warehouse in New Orleans, the mammoth Summer Jam concert at Watkins Glen, New York, in 1973, Winterland in San Francisco 1973, and the band's four-month tour of 1975.

CAPRICORN RECORDS



"The Allman Brothers Band displays a kind of musical prowess that is so far ahead of most rock bands that you'd think the other groups would want to unplug their amplifiers in shame." —Robert Hilburn *"Los Angeles Times"*

"Caught on that one special night in twenty, The Allman Brothers Band could always go beyond simple brilliance, and create the rarest of magical moments on stage. The fact that some of those magical moments were caught on tape is as reassuring as it is exciting. There could be no better document to one of the greatest bands ever." —Cameron Crowe *"Rolling Stone"*

Slow Down

Party, party, party/By James S. Kunen

I have to admit I get excited about the upcoming installation of Carter. I like it when I see him on TV in his denims. I get the distinct feeling he changes back into a business suit as soon as he's through with the cameras, but if it's an image he's projecting, at least I like the image.

Departing for a postelection vacation, Carter is photographed carrying a large stack of books to read in order to bone up for his assumption of power. He may not read them; their pages may be blank; they may not be books; but the *fact* remains that he is carrying something *himself*. I like that.

No doubt his pollsters have determined that many people like it, because Carter, a millionaire, misses no chance to show he is a man of the people. Even his inauguration is designed to look like a plain-folks' affair. "He wants to receive anyone who comes to Washington for the inauguration," says the cochairman of the inaugural committee. There are going to be fewer ceremonial events requiring invitations and high-priced tickets than at Nixon's $4 million coronation in '73. And there are going to be "a lot of parties" at maybe $25 a ticket.

The plans recall Andrew Jackson's 1829 inauguration, when the ascension to power of the common people was symbolized by a boisterous party at the White House, where frontiersmen with manure on their boots mingled with Washington society.

The populist imagery clouds my vision. This could be the dawning of a new error. I should be less concerned with manure *on boots*. Remember the "debates"? Carter vied with Ford over who would be last to let the Panamanians have Panama, who would be the more reliable yes-man for the Pentagon, who was more anxious to take away the Constitutional rights of criminal defendants. During one debate I finally suggested we turn the TV's sound off and put a record on. "And leave the record on for the next four years," a friend suggested.

I was appalled at the prospect of voting for Carter. Aside from the fact that he made my skin crawl—that unctuous religiosity and bionic smile—his politics, to the extent they were discernible, represented the rout from the Democratic party of people like me. I dreamed of a Betty Ford-Patty Hearst ticket.

Julian Bond came to New York to stump for Carter a couple of days before the election. He made no enthusiastic noises for Carter at all; just said the Republicans had to go (as they had to—Ford "comforted the comfortable and oppressed the oppressed," as one writer put it) and that you had to vote for "the best that's available." I asked Bond whether we didn't condemn ourselves to a choice of evils by acquiescing in such choices; whether perhaps it was about time we rejected both the reactionary party and the conservative party, and built a third party. He replied that he was all for that, but that the time to start building a third party was not two days before the election, but the day after.

It's the day after. I dutifully voted for Carter and am glad that the worse party is out. Now, about that third party.

The Mass Party Organizing Committee, at 156 Fifth Avenue in New York, is trying to build a national "party of the people." It hasn't promulgated a program, which it insists must come from the people, but organizations with which it is allied, such as the National Black Assembly and the July 4th Coalition, support the ERA, the right to abortion, equal rights for gays, self-determination for minorities, full employment, guaranteed annual income, restoration of family farming, public ownership of utilities, an end to nuclear power plants, development of solar energy, full amnesty for civilian *and military* Vietnam war resisters, abolition of capital punishment, a 50 percent cut in the defense budget, an end to CIA/military intervention, and a cutoff of aid to repressive regimes.

Neither the Republicans nor the Democrats offer much hope to people who support these things, which may be one reason why 46 percent of the electorate did not vote in the presidential election. According to a *New York Times*/CBS survey, more than half the nonvoters, who were heavily concentrated among the poor and the young, agreed with the statement "The country needs more radical change than is possible through the ballot box"—the two-party ballot box, that is. The number of people agreeing with that statement is more than two-and-a-half times the number of people who are registered Republicans.

When the two major parties leave the views of a substantial minority unrepresented, a third party can move into the vacuum. That's how the Progressives got 16.6 percent of the vote in 1924 and George Wallace's American Independent Party got 13.5 percent in 1968. Though third parties have never won the presidency, they have greatly influenced American politics. Progressive taxation, child-labor laws, social security, direct election of U.S. senators, women's suffrage and primary elections were all third-party ideas. A new left party could force the debate of important issues and win at least state and local offices by 1980, if work begins now. ●

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Jackson's inaugural: Don't count on Jimmy for a people's party.

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Regular, 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; Menthol, 13 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

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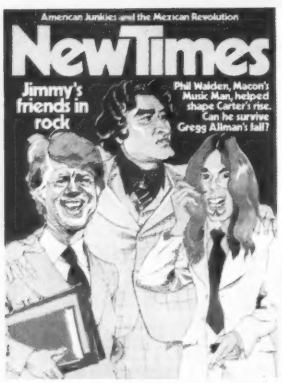
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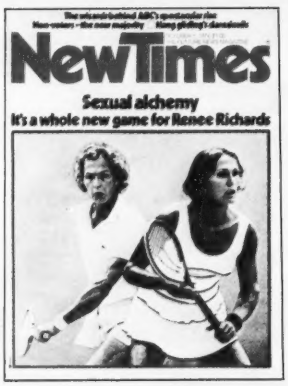

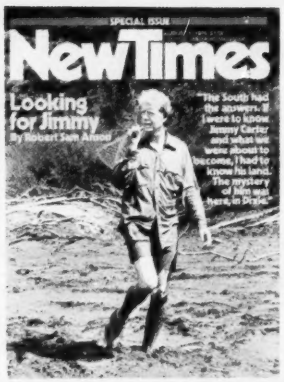

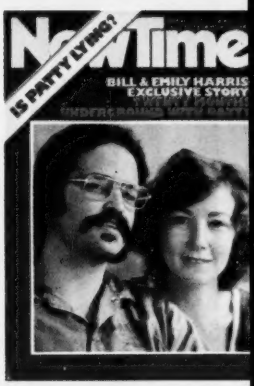

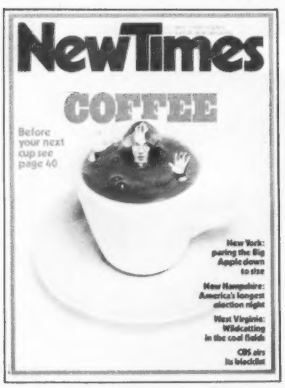
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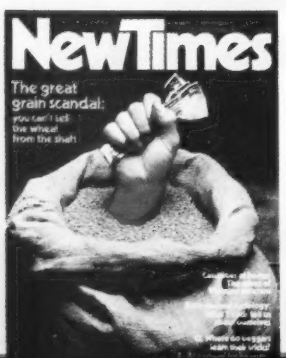

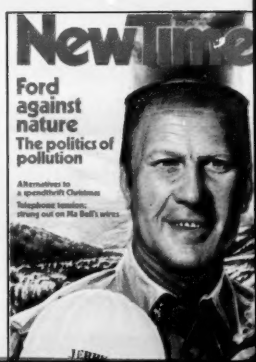

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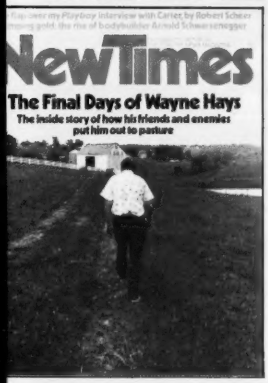

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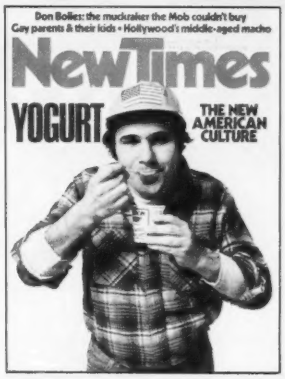
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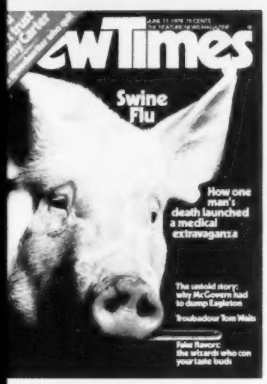
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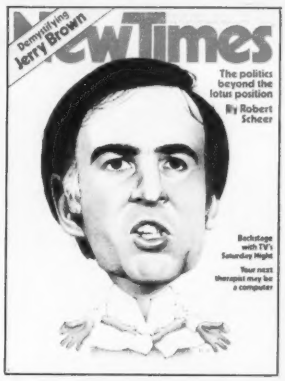
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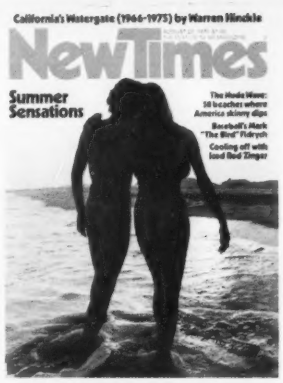
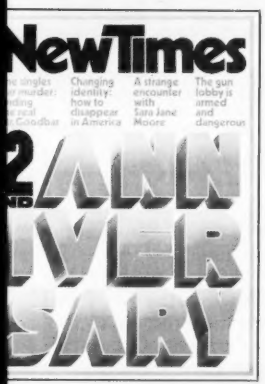
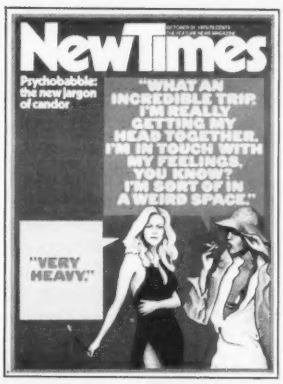
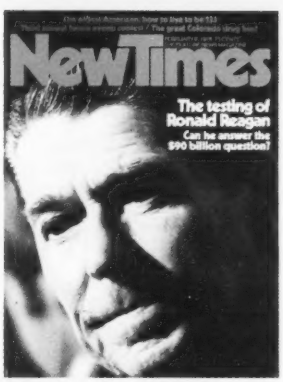
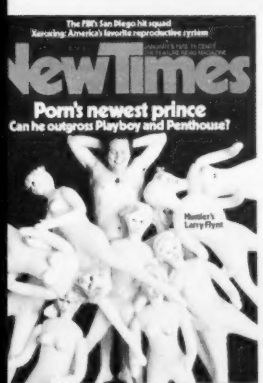
Backstage with TV's Saturday Night
Your next therapist may be a computer

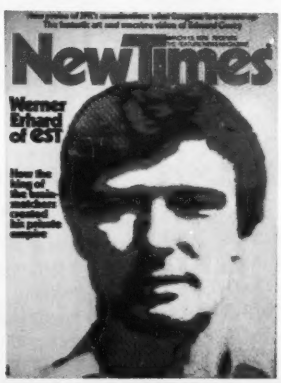

California's Watergate (1966-1975) by Warren Hinckle
NewTimes
Summer Sensations
The Moda Wave: 10 beaches where America skinny dips
Baseball's Mark "The Bird" Fidrych
Cooling off with Iced Red Zinger




NewTimes
Psychobabble: the new jargon of candor
"WHAT AN INCREDIBLE TRIP! I'M REALLY GETTING MY HEAD TOGETHER. I'M IN TOUCH WITH MY FEELINGS, YOU KNOW? I'M SORT OF IN A WEIRD SPACE."
"VERY HEAVY."




The FBI's San Diego hit squad
Xeroxing: America's favorite reproductive system
NewTimes
Porn's newest prince
Can he outgross Playboy and Penthouse?
Hustler's Larry Flynt



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Pinto kicks up its heels for '77.

New style...sporty handling...proven performance.

1977 Ford Pinto 3-door Runabout. Exciting new front and rear styling.

A high spirited new Pinto has been born for 1977. With a fresh new look that will still be exciting and distinctive years from now.

Pinto is highly spirited with new options, too. Like our new glass third door, a flip-up/removable open-air roof, and new 4-way driver's seat (it easily adjusts up and down, as well as fore and aft) for more convenience, more comfort.

And for '77, our spirited new Pinto is as nimble and sure-footed as ever. But for *even more* spirit, there's Pinto's optional 2.8 liter V-6 engine with automatic transmission. Or equip your Pinto with the sports rallye package with a new fun-to-drive suspension, for the sportiest handling Pinto has ever had.

But the beauty of the '77 Pinto doesn't stop with its new look and spirit. Critical areas around all front lights are now made of a new resilient material that's dent, chip and crack resistant under normal use...*and absolutely rustproof.*

One of our beautiful new interiors. Proof that the practical Pinto can also be luxurious.

Our electro-dip priming process: part of our Improved Corrosion Protection Plan for '77.

And to make sure your high spirited Pinto lasts, there's Pinto's built-in durability. Durability that starts with the electro-dip prime coating of Pinto's entire unit-body construction.

Find out how easy it is to corral the spirited '77 Pinto. See your local Ford Dealer soon for a test drive.

Our most economically priced Ford Pinto, the Pinto Pony. Shown here with optional white sidewall tires and deluxe wheel covers.

FORD

When America needs a better idea, Ford puts it on wheels.

The Insider

The push to legalize grass/ A snapdragon vs. the corps

Politics

How to upgrade an inner-city school

Washington's Stevens Elementary School is an old brick building incongruously located in the middle of restaurant row. Its students, typically, are the sons and daughters of Embassy Row's live-in servants. The children of the well-heeled (who are well-fed at Jean-Pierre's, Tiberio, La Bagatelle and so on) do not attend Stevens.

PENELOPE BREESE/LIAISON

Amy Carter: prize student

At least they haven't in the past. But since the election, the Stevens principal has received more than fifty calls from parents with an interest in the school's "curriculum."

"Curriculum, bullshit," a school official told a friend. The real reason for the sudden interest in the school is a new kid in the neighborhood, Amy Carter, who is expected to enroll in Stevens' fourth grade. Even before Rosalynn Carter's recent visit to the school, Washingtonians apparently figured that, as a volunteer D.C. public school aide says with annoyance, "Amy might invite the kids home. Or Jimmy Carter might agree to sponsor a parents' night at the White House."

Byrd's the word

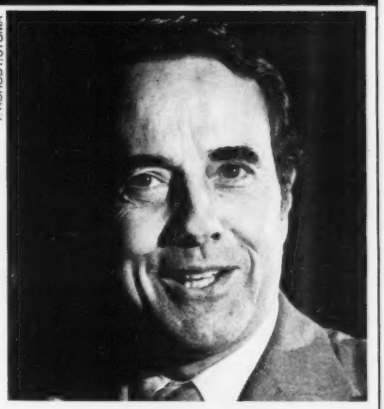
West Virginia Senator Robert Byrd leads Hubert Humphrey, Edmund Muskie, and southern moderate Ernest (the other) "Fritz" Hollings in the race to succeed the retired Mike Mansfield as majority leader. Byrd, who quit the Ku Klux Klan in 1945, has frequently opposed civil rights legislation since then and once earned a spot on Nixon's list of possible "strict construction" appointees to the Supreme Court.

With Muskie likely to drop out, the margin of Byrd's lead comes from liberal supporters such as Ribicoff, Proxmire, Church, Stevenson, and the newly elected Howard Metzenbaum of Ohio. One senate watcher explains: "First, Byrd hustled early and some of these guys are weak. He pushed: they said yes. Second, some of them like having a mechanic, a majority leader who won't bother them, who will make it easy for them. [Byrd, as majority whip, has been known to postpone a vote for a missing Senator's convenience.] Third, a lot of the liberals have risen to positions of power. Proxmire, who used to curse the seniority system, is a committee chairman now. Byrd won't threaten them. Humphrey would be more responsive to the newer, younger members."

Southern grandee Russell Long, still smarting at his defeat by Edward Kennedy in the majority whip race eight years ago, is working hard for Byrd. Former McGovern campaign manager and Colorado Senator Gary Hart, thought to be pledged to Humphrey, apparently is now making calls for Byrd, according to aides of Tennessee's newly elected James Sasser. Kennedy and McGovern are among the liberals strongly supporting Humphrey.

DIANA WALKER/I AM A CAMERA

Byrd: wooing the liberals



T. KORODY/SYGMA

Dole: bouncing back

Dole's postmortem

Republican vice-presidential nominee Robert Dole, just back from a rest in Rio, simmers at attacks from Ford operatives blaming the defeat on him. At the least, he believes, the fallout from the vice-presidential debate should be weighed in the context of his contribution to the ticket. First, he points out that through September, while Ford was in the Rose Garden, he was out on the hustings as the point man against Carter, following up the flap at the American Legion convention over Carter's amnesty/pardon statement, picking up Carter's grain embargo gaffe, hammering at the *Playboy* interview. Second, in Dole's judgment (which a number of Republican professionals share), his antiembargo record reassured farm-state voters, who had been angry about Ford's 1974 wheat embargo, but went Republican on election day.

In any case, Dole does not intend to sink under the torrential criticism. He plans to be a visible—and perhaps surprisingly, a moderate—force when Congress reconvenes. He intends to again cosponsor the Dole-McGovern food stamp bill, which would protect the program from its extreme critics. He may also introduce a guaranteed income bill. He hopes to mobilize the Senate Republican Policy Committee to offer a positive legislative program as an alternative to the Carter administration's. Dole's goal is twofold: to rehabilitate his own image and, ever the party man, to help free the GOP of what he calls its "anti-people image" of negativism and knee-jerk opposition to social programs.

HIGH FIDELITY FOR THE PRICE OF MEDIOCRE FIDELITY.

The Pioneer SX-450 Receiver: A quality alternative to the plastic compact.

If you want to get into hi fi without spending a fortune, you may find yourself considering a plastic compact "stereo."

The cost of these all-in-one marvels isn't so high; but neither is the fidelity. And what you don't need is a machine that costs like a hi fi but is unable to perform like one.

Now there's an alternative: the new Pioneer SX-450, a high fidelity receiver with features and specifications unequaled by anything in its price class.

Since its price class is under $200;* you can assemble a fine high fidelity system around it for hardly more than a flimsy plastic compact would cost.

What qualifies the SX-450 as high fidelity is a continuous power output of 15 watts per channel, min. RMS, at 8 ohms, over the frequency range of 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.5% total harmonic distortion.

It also has separate controls for bass, treble, balance, loudness, FM muting, mono/stereo and tape monitoring, plus a combined AM/FM tuning meter, a selector for two pairs of speaker systems, and jacks for headphones and microphone.

But you really have to hear the SX-450 to judge it. Ask a high fidelity dealer to hook one up to a pair of speakers and a turntable for you; don't be surprised at its richness, brilliance and accuracy.

After all, the SX-450 is as fine a high fidelity component as any receiver we make.

Even though you can have it for the price of something mediocre.

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*For informational purposes only, the SX-450 is priced under $200. The actual resale price will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074.

Selling the would-be George Washington of Namibia

The silver plaque on the door of Delmonico's Colony Suite reads "Psycomm." Inside, Jack Summers, head of Psychographic Communications Ltd., is busy promoting his new client, Clemens Kapuuo. A few glass buildings down Park Avenue, international business attorney Arnold Burns is drafting a constitution for his client, Clemens Kapuuo.

Clemens who? If Summers and Burns have their way, this little-known tribal chief will soon be the George Washington of Namibia, the first black president of what is now one of the last white-controlled nations in Africa. Owned and operated by South Africa in defiance of world opinion, Namibia, or South West Africa, is in the process of gaining its independence—a process that could lead to a war of international proportions. The country is up for grabs: South Africa, reluctant to part with a thousand-mile buffer zone separating it from leftist Angola, is stalling for time; multinational corporations are maneuvering to protect investments in diamond, uranium, and copper mines; and indications are that the United States is working behind the scenes, as it did unsuccessfully in Angola, to insure a pro-Western government.

Which is where Kapuuo fits in. Proprietor of a small grocery store in the black township of Katatura and chief of the Hereros, Kapuuo has proclaimed himself the anticommunist alternative to the South West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO), a popular revolutionary group recognized by the UN as the legitimate representative of the Namibian people. Someone—and it is not clear who—has taken enough of an interest in Kapuuo to pay for numerous trips abroad, a New York marketing consultant, a Park Avenue law firm, and a mystery public relations man in London.

Jack Summers is lavish in his praise of Kapuuo ("the only natural leader of Namibia") and in his activities on the chief's behalf. When Kapuuo visited New York in September, Summers prepared an expensive press kit; threw a party for him at Delmonico's where the chief had his picture taken with Elizabeth Taylor; hosted a dinner for fifty at the Tavern-on-the-Green; arranged a luncheon with *New York Post* publisher Dorothy Schiff and columnist James Wechsler; and introduced the chief to such luminaries as Muhammed Ali, Henry Ford, and Senators Edward Brooke and Jacob Javits.

Where does the money for all this come from? Summers said he was paying for everything "out of his own pocket," and laughed off suggestions that he was working for the South African government, South West African business interests or the CIA. Although he is required by the Foreign Agents Registration Act to file a report with the Justice Department on his activities, he has not done so. (Kapuuo's lawyer, Arnold Burns, registered as a foreign agent in August and reported receiving $25,000 from the chief's political group, the National Unity of Democratic Organizations.)

Summers has also established the Kudu Foundation, which he claims is raising money for hospitals in Namibia, but which Kapuuo has said is

STEPHANIE RANCOU

Chief Kapuuo, publicist Summers and friend: high stakes

An ordinary dog in America eats better than she does.

Cristina eats whatever she can find in the garbage. And that is far less than some prowling dog would find in your garbage can.

For just $15 a month, you can save such a child.

Through our "adoption" program you can help provide a child with a better diet, new clothes and medical attention. Even an education.

But there's not a moment to lose. Every 60 seconds, five or six more children will die from starvation.

Write to: Mrs. Jeanne Clarke Wood, Children, Incorporated, P.O. Box 5381, Dept.NM121, Richmond, Va. 23220 USA

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☐ I will pay $15 a month ($180 a year). Enclosed is my gift for a full year ☐, the first month ☐. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture.
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☐ Please send me further information.
☐ If for a group, please specify.

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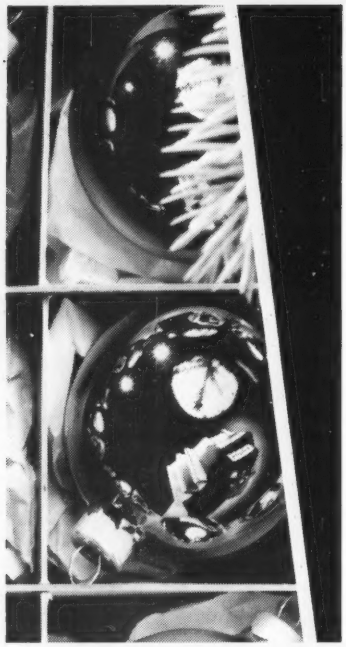

A cartridge in a pear tree.

A gift of the Shure V-15 Type III stereo phono cartridge will earn you the eternal endearment of the discriminating audiophile who receives it. What makes the V-15 such a predictable Yuletime success, of course, is its ability to extract the real sound of pipers piping, drummers drumming, rings ringing, et cetera, et cetera. In test reports that express more superlatives than a Christmas dinner, the performance of the V-15 Type III has been described as "...a virtually flat frequency response... Its sound is as neutral and uncolored as can be desired." All of which means that if you're the giver, you can make a hi-fi enthusiast deliriously happy. (If you'd like to receive it yourself, keep your fingers crossed!)

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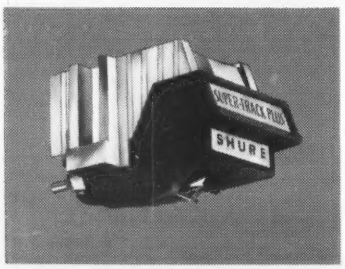

Manufacturers of high fidelity components, microphones, sound systems and related circuitry.

used to pay travel expenses. The IRS has no record of the foundation applying for tax-exempt status and Summers would not disclose either the amount or source of its funding. Last month, he told a reporter for a Namibian newspaper that Liz Taylor and Muhammed Ali had agreed to be directors of the Kudu Foundation, but spokesmen for the two deny this is true.

By his own account, Summers is a man of many talents. A marketing consultant for 17 years, he promoted resorts in the Bahamas and Mexico and worked on the Chiquita Banana campaign for United Fruit. But Summers himself concedes that selling Kapuuo and his role in the Turnhalle conference is the most difficult selling job he has undertaken.

The Turnhalle conference is a South African-backed scheme to promote Namibian independence on South African terms. The talks have been denounced as a sham by SWAPO and the UN, and Kapuuo has been called a puppet of the South Africans. As the *Windhoek Advertiser*, a liberal, white paper in South West Africa, recently editorialized: "As long as the Turnhalle reeks of the apartheid skunk—and believe us if we say this skunk is travelling up and down the corridors of that place—not the most advanced marketing organization in the world can sell it."

What Summers is trying to sell is a plan to keep SWAPO—which by most estimates would win 70 percent of the Namibian vote in an election—out of power. He calls SWAPO "a myth that exists only in the minds of the international community," and goes so far as to suggest that the guerrilla organization is being supported by South Africa as a justification for prolonging that country's presence in Namibia. Both Summers and Burns would like to see an interim government, with Kapuuo at its head, that would protect foreign investment and continue to rely on South African military and economic support.

Last year the CIA began a secret war in Angola that nearly engulfed the U.S. in another Vietnam. One can only assume from past practice that the CIA is now poking around in South West Africa—and that next year the Carter administration may have to decide how far to go in backing business interests in Namibia. Clemens Kapuuo and his friends are doing everything they can to influence that choice now. —*Robert Friedman*

Transition notes

Carter aides have decided to recommend welfare reform as a priority over national health insurance, which they view as too expensive and complex for immediate action. Governors and mayors are clamoring for relief from welfare costs, and Carter's experts have concluded that a moderate sort of welfare reform can be squeezed into the tight federal budget. The strategy is to present a streamlined package of the current in-kind and cash programs rather than replace them with a single guaranteed income. Food stamps, for example, would be retained. The federal government would assume a larger share, precisely how much is not yet projected, of state and local expenditures.

• Hamilton Jordan's prediction to a friend: "Carter will really go on gun control and really be tough. We're going to get those bastards."

• Joe Browder, a staunch environmentalist and until recently head of the transition team's section on the environment, energy and natural resources, did not in fact resign, as was reported; he was fired. Now he's saying that Carter had to dump him because the President-elect has privately assured Texas oil interests that he won't be anti-oil.

Buying votes

Only 53 percent of registered voters cast their ballots this year. Two enterprising Florida antidotes to voter apathy:

Stuart Winston, the president of Miami's Bell Paper Company, offered his employees a half day off with pay if they would vote and prove it to him by turning in a receipt stamped at their polling place. All of the firm's 22 eligible employees voted.

In the central Florida town of Ocoee (pop. 3,937), city commissioners offered their citizens this deal: anyone who voted could get a 10 percent discount on his October bill from the city-owned utilities. Seventy percent of those eligible to vote did, 1,333 persons in all. And 469 of them took advantage of the utility-bill reduction.

Brademas: Korean connection?

The spreading Korean scandal "is just going to be devastating [on Capitol Hill] if it all comes out: it could involve dozens, maybe over a hundred, House and Senate members," says one who is not involved. "It could be the congressional Watergate." The trail apparently leads to officials who were thought to be above suspicion: The *Chicago Tribune* reportedly is tracking the details of Indiana Representative John Brademas' interest in a building owned by Tongsun Park, the Korean socialite, fixer and

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Our very best to your friends.

KCIA-agent-apparent. Brademas admittedly received $4,650 from Park for his 1972 and 1974 campaigns. A contender for future House leadership, Brademas has been a leading reformer, and recently played a key behind-the-scenes role in the effort to oust Wayne Hays.

Seventies

The corps: foiled by the furbish lousewort?

What with the President-elect giving the Army Corps of Engineers bad marks (he's said they "ought to get out of the dam-building business"), it must be a disheartening season for the people behind the technique of flooding America in order to save it.

Yet another stumbling block in the corps' march toward progress has reared its fragile head in northern Maine: the furbish lousewort, a species of snapdragon previously believed extinct. About thirty specimens of the plant, which is included on an endangered species list scheduled for federal adoption next year, were spotted this summer along the St. John River valley. The corps wants to put the furbish lousewort's home turf, and 88,000 acres of Maine forestland, under water as part of the $600 million Dickey-Lincoln project. An environmental impact study now underway is expected to conclude that the furbish lousewort can only live on the banks of wild rivers—of which the St. John is a notable example, one of the last in the Northeast.

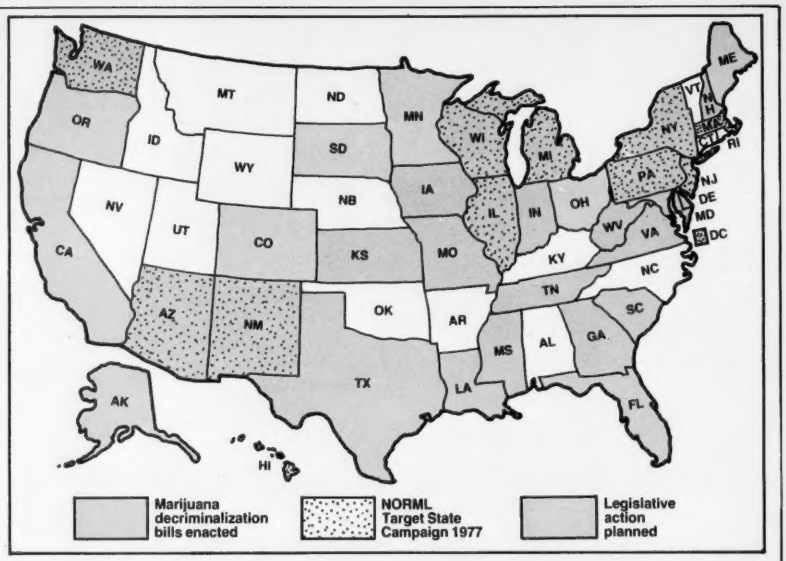
Environmentalists have long opposed Dickey-Lincoln as an ecological horror, and they were quick to seize on the furbish lousewort as an ally. It so happens that the Endangered Species Act specifically prohibits federal projects from destroying rare species of plants and animals—and unless the corps can think of a way to dodge that injunction, the furbish lousewort (with a little help from its friends) just may stop the corps in its tracks.

WIDE WORLD

Flower power: the rare snapdragon

At the least, says Arthur Bearce, president of the Maine chapter of the Appalachian Mountain Club, "it will be interesting to see how they get around it." —*Dennis Bailey*

MAP BY PATRICK CALKINS



Dope notes

The prospects for marijuana law reform have never seemed brighter, and the people at the National Organization for the Repeal of Marijuana Laws (NORML) plan to make the most of it.

"For the first time in history we have a president who favors decriminalization," says NORML director Keith Stroup. NORML plans to spearhead legislative fights next year in most states, with special emphasis on a dozen where chances for reform are thought good (see the map above). Lawsuits challenging the constitutionality of the marijuana laws are underway or in preparation in Arizona, California, the District of Columbia, Florida, Illinois, Missouri, New York, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Washington.

Grass clearly isn't viewed as political poison by the incoming administration. Carter adviser Dr. Peter Bourne will be a luncheon speaker at NORML's annual conference in Washington the weekend of December 10. And Carter speechwriter Patrick Anderson has conducted an upcoming *Playboy* interview with Stroup.

None of this means that marijuana is "almost legal," even if dope smoking is now common on big-city streets. While marijuana arrests peaked in 1974 and then began to drop, in 1975 416,100 people were busted—one in every 500 Americans.

• Another scare marijuana study has been released, this one by army physician-researchers, who warn that teen-age males who smoke a lot of pot could grow up with small testicles. There's no direct evidence for this claim, but adolescent rats given heavy doses of THC, the active ingredient in grass, had testicles at adulthood weighing 15–20 percent below normal.

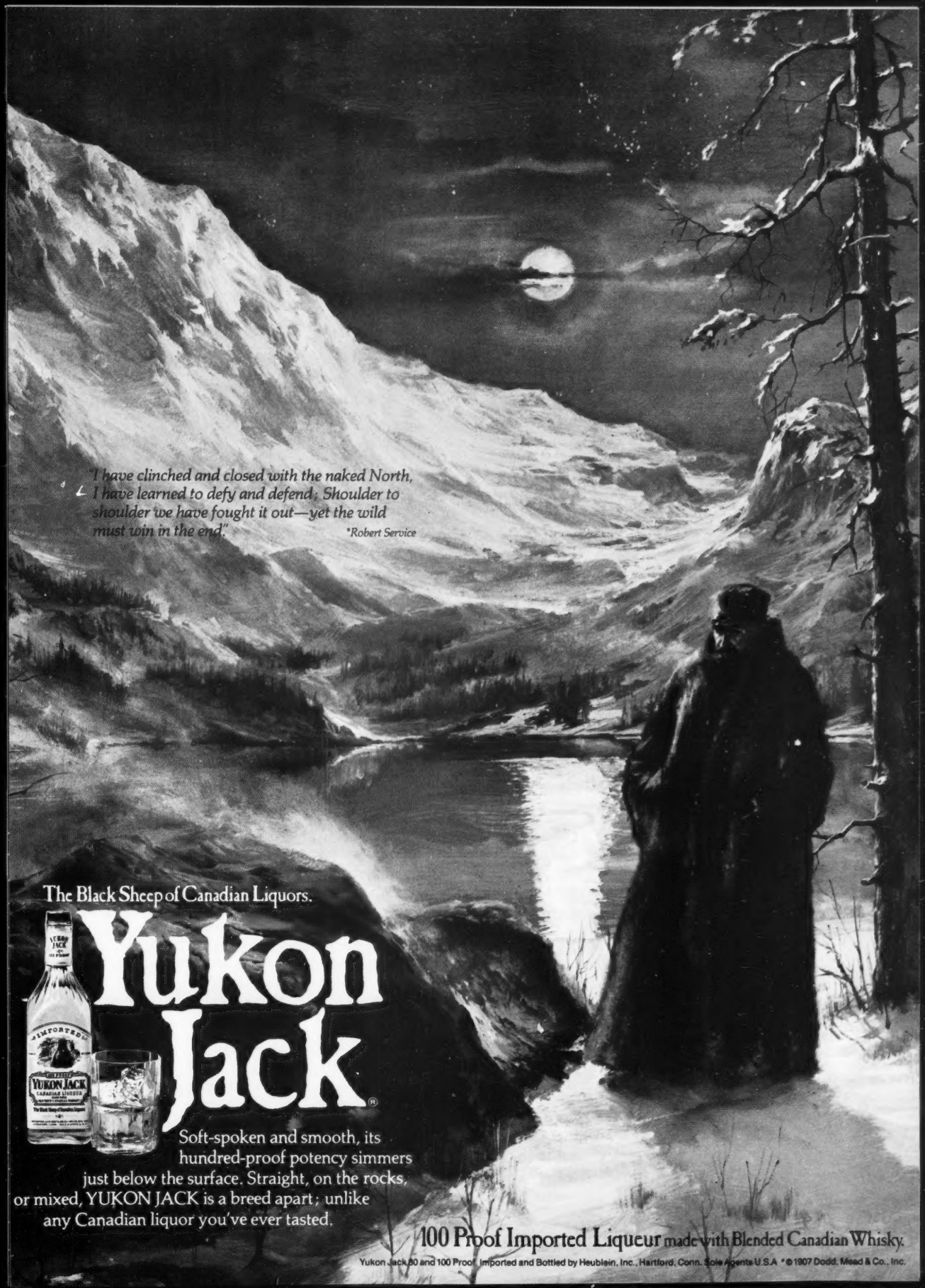
Do the figures have any real meaning to humans? Teenagers would have to smoke about ten joints a day every day for years to get a THC dosage equivalent to that administered to the rats. Nevertheless, the army doctors claim their study raises "serious questions" about heavy marijuana use by teen-agers.

Taking Care of Business

Détente rolls on

Who says the U.S. isn't getting anything from its policy of détente with the Soviet Union? Under a new Russian five-year plan, Americans will soon have the chance to buy Russian-made Lada automobiles—at $3,500–$4,000, a purchase beyond the reach of most Soviet citizens.

Satra Motors, an American-owned company, will begin marketing the Lada in late 1977, and the Russians hope to sell 25,000 by 1981. A $2.1 million distribution center


"I have clinched and closed with the naked North,
I have learned to defy and defend; Shoulder to
shoulder we have fought it out—yet the wild
must win in the end."
*Robert Service
The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors.
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Soft-spoken and smooth, its
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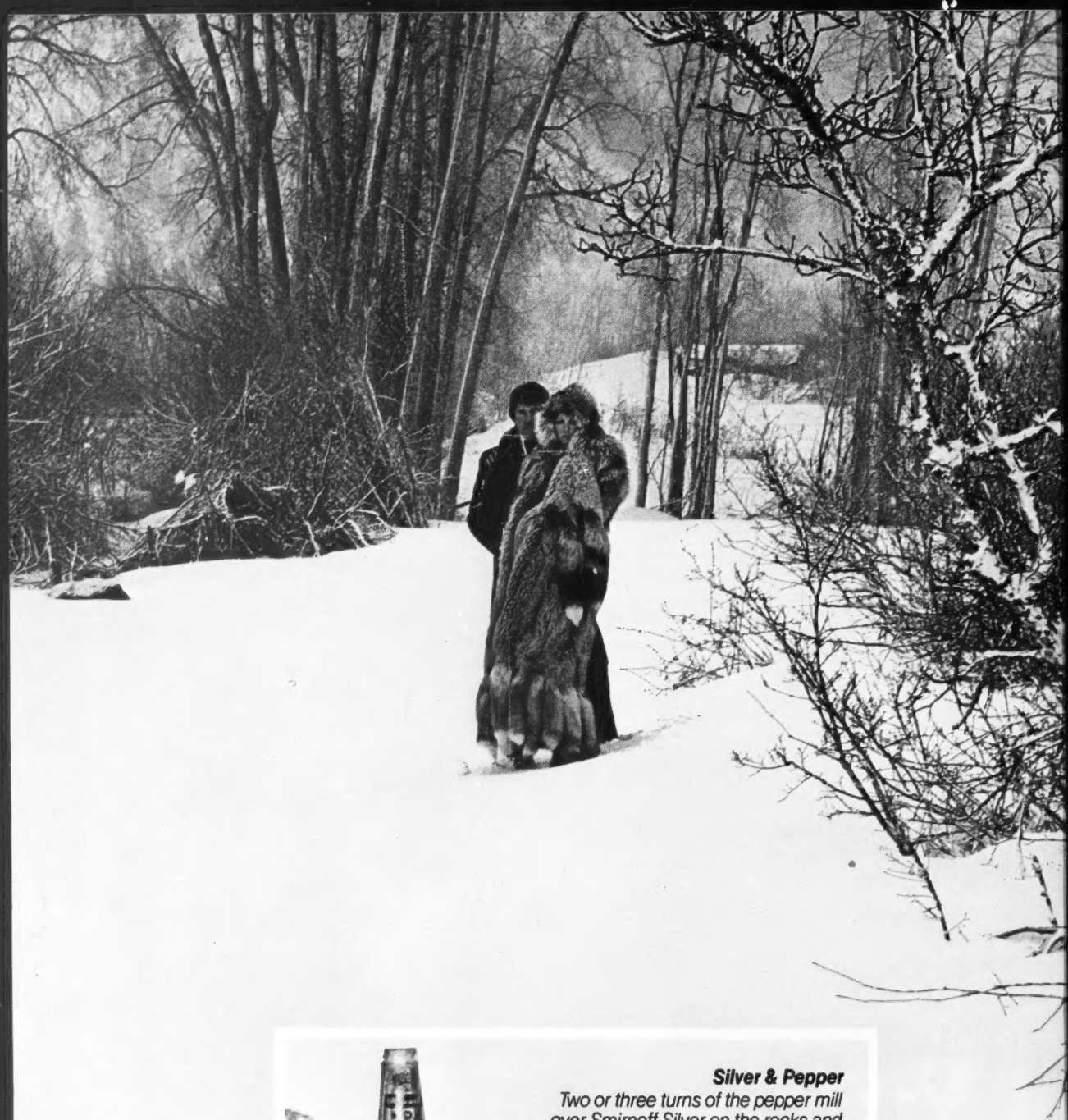
Yukon Jack 80 and 100 Proof, Imported and Bottled by Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Agents U.S.A. *©1907 Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.



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Two or three turns of the pepper mill over Smirnoff Silver on the rocks and you're off on a Russian adventure. At 90.4 proof, the extraordinary pleasure of Smirnoff Silver is at its peak. Pure Pleasure. Pure Silver.

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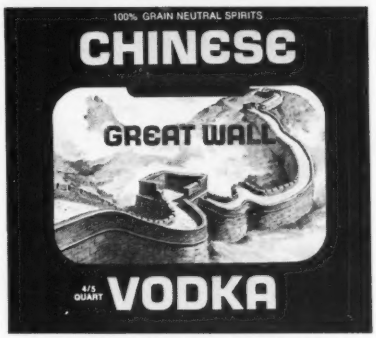

. . . and vodka from the Far East

for the Lada is planned for the Georgia Port Authority complex at Savannah—which may make that city the safest place to be should nuclear war break out.

Obviously sensitive to the possible prejudice of the American car buyer, Satra points out that the Lada instrument panel will have English lettering and that the car will be marketed in ten lively colors.

And you thought they only came in gray.

Not to be outdone, the Chinese are cutting in on the Russians' natural turf by shipping vodka, of all things, to America. The People's Republic's Great Wall brand is made in Tsingtao, primarily for export. It sells in America for $8.99 a fifth—more than twice the price of non-brand-name vodka. Looks like the Chinese need some lessons in competitive pricing.

The CB threat to commercial broadcasters

If you're one of America's estimated 19 million Citizens Band radio buffs, it won't come as a surprise. But to the American broadcasting industry, it could turn out to be quite a shock. A lot of people, it seems, would rather engage in radio conversations than just sit passively on the receiving end of AM and FM signals. According to a study prepared for the White House Office of Telecommunications by Arthur D. Little, Inc., the prestigious Boston-based consulting firm, the AM/FM listening audience of 1981 will be 15 percent smaller than 1970's audience—a direct result of the CB boom.

Such a massive listenership loss for radio would translate directly into advertising losses—hundreds of millions of dollars a year. That's enough to worry any industry, and the National Association of Broadcasters has commissioned a study on the future of radio that will include an analysis of the potential impact of CB on commercial stations. The study, by the Washington-based consulting firm Frazier, Gross & Clay, will be presented to the NAB board in January.

Meanwhile, radio and TV station owners are marshaling their forces to do battle against the CB threat. For example, the American Broadcasting Company recently joined 170 other station owners to petition the Federal Communications Commission to reconsider its ruling increasing the number of CB channels from 23 to 40 as of January 1, on the grounds that it would seriously interfere with proper TV reception. The petition was denied.

—Jeremy Rifkin and Ted Howard

Mind & Body

Purdue eggs us on

The egg industry is ballyhooing a Purdue University study of the effect that eating eggs has on cholesterol levels in the bloodstream. Eggs have long been forbidden fruit for people worried about heart disease because of the very high concentration of cholesterol in the yolk, and, on the surface, Purdue's study is great news for egg lovers.

A dozen men, 21 to 67 years old, ate an egg a day for four months; their cholesterol levels didn't increase. Twelve other men, who also ate an egg a day and exercised daily, actually *lowered* their cholesterol levels over the period.

But don't rush out to your favorite dairy store. The study is in fact too small to justify scientifically valid conclusions. What's more, all of the men studied had relatively low cholesterol levels to begin with—which may mean that they enjoy some genetic protection against arteriosclerosis. Finally, the study was conducted not by a doctor, but by a phys ed teacher.

Purdue, incidentally, receives generous grants from the food industry.

—Larry Frederick

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IN WHICH THE AGING *WUNDERKIND* AND THE MAD-DOG PRINCE OF GONZO REVIVE AND BARELY SURVIVE EACH OTHER AND THE 1970S

BY ROBERT SAM ANSON

THE ROLLING STONE SAGA PART TWO

Middle age—what a drag.
—Jann Wenner

Jann Wenner was freaked.

Not worried or upset in the ordinary way, the way his editors had become used to, but *freaked*. Here it was, 1970, and, to believe the notices he was getting in the straight press, *Rolling Stone* was at the very height of its fame, the readers and advertisers almost pouring in. His money problems had been solved, his enemies vanquished. From the look of it, everything seemed golden. Only Wenner knew better. Something was wrong. *Rolling Stone* was reading—and feeling—a little flat.

The problem, in a word, was music. It was a puzzling phenomenon. Superficially, the music business had never been healthier. More records were being produced, more groups being formed, "spreading more pro-life propaganda," as Wenner once put it, than ever before. But something important was missing. Giants, some said: incontestably, there were fewer to be found. Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin were burnt-out cases, not long for the world. Dylan had gone into one of his periodic funks. The Rolling Stones, bogged down with tax problems, and with Altamont still fresh in their minds, rarely appeared in concert anymore. As for the Beatles, their reincarnation was a promoter's fantasy. And the music, too, had changed. Less inventive, Wenner's own reviewers were saying; more content to repeat proven patterns.

And why not? The audience had never been bigger. Elvis had come to Vegas. The frug had invaded the White House. With the dawning of the seventies, there seemed no hamlet, however small, that could not support a top-forty station; no gathering, however chic, that did not throb to the beat of the music. Rock and roll had exploded. No longer was it the refuge of the young and the rebellious. Now it belonged to everyone.

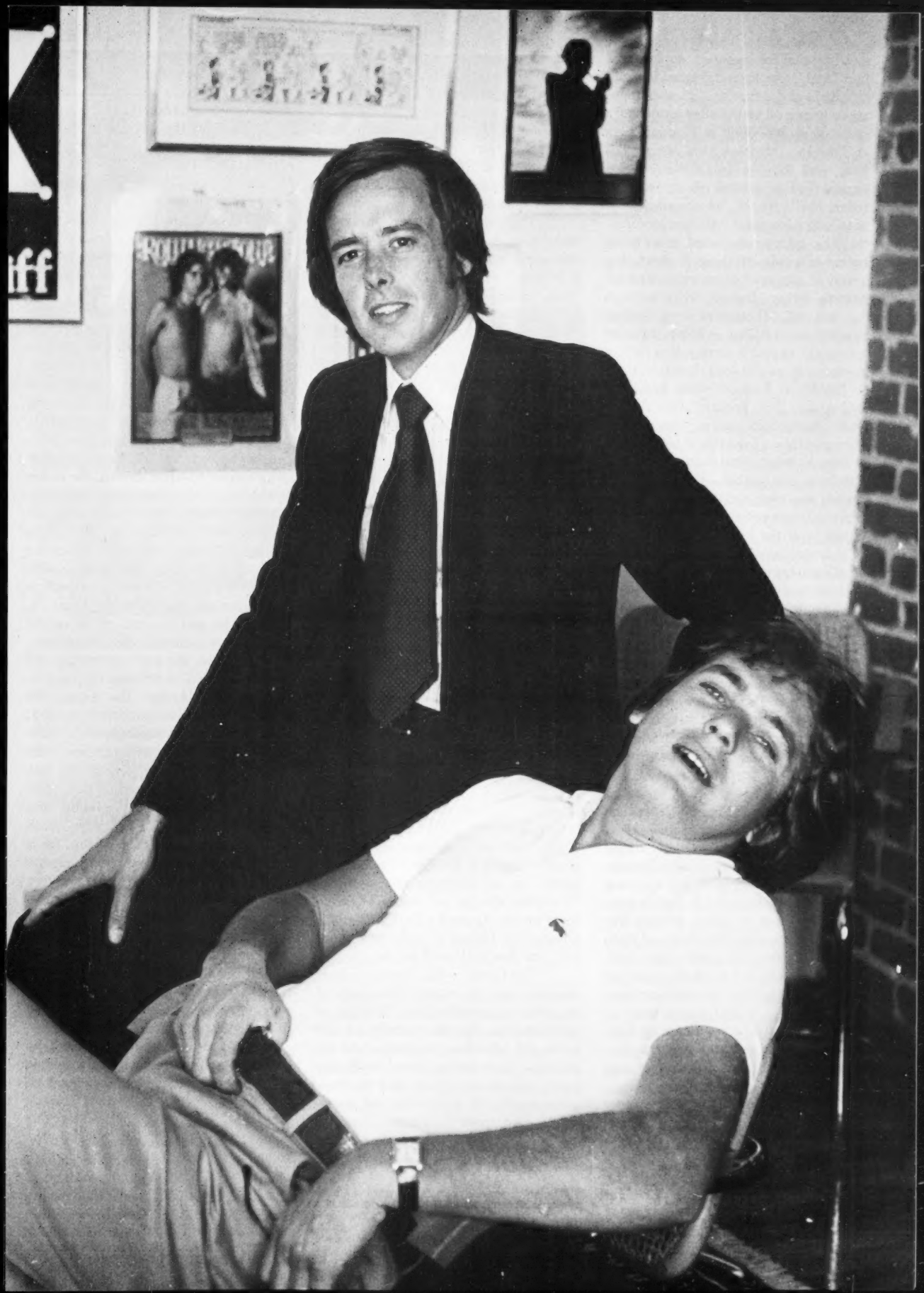
And, that, of course, was precisely the trouble. Rock and roll was not meant to be accepted. By its nature, the music was supposed to be alien and threatening. Rock and roll belonged to young people. It was their medium, their *only* medium, as Wenner kept saying through the sixties. But now the sixties were over. The protestors were headed for law school. The culture had cooled off. *Rolling Stone*, so dependent on music for its energy, desperately had to find a new gig.

And, then, one memorable Friday afternoon, *he* walked in. The Solution.

Wenner had been warned in advance that the man he was about to meet was a bit "out of the ordinary," as one of his editors gently put it. But he was altogether unprepared for the apparition who appeared that Friday and proceeded to tell him with bizarre if utter certainty that he was about to be elected sheriff of Aspen, Colorado. It was not just what he said, or the way he said it, or the way he was dressed (tennis shoes and white chinos topped by a loud Mexican shirt), or the six-pack of beer he had brought along (and, amidst numerous belches, consumed in the next two hours), or even the gray woman's wig he was wearing; it was simply everything taken together, the entire weird persona, that overwhelmed Wenner. When, at length, his visitor excused himself to make use of the facilities, Wenner, who had gradually been slinking beneath his desk, straightened up, took a deep breath, turned to John Lombardi and said: "I know I am supposed to be the spokesman for the counterculture and all that, but what the fuck is *this*?"

This was simply Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, 33, the mad-dog Prince of Gonzo journalism. Jann's reaction was understandable. On first meeting, one never knew quite what to make of Dr. Thompson (the title was self-bestowed), whether he was a genius or a madman, or maybe both. His background seemed conventional enough: two years in the Air Force (which honorably discharged him two years before his enlistment was up, after his commanding officer wrote

Bound for the Big Apple: *Jann Wenner (front) and publisher Joe Armstrong*



that "his flair for invention and imagination" and "rebellious disregard for military dress and authority . . . sometimes seem to rub off on the other airmen"); a spate of sportswriting in Florida; stints at Time Inc., the *New York Herald Tribune*, and the *National Observer*; two unpublished novels and one minor best-seller, *Hell's Angels*, an account of his year-long adventures with that motorcycle gang, which culminated in his being beaten to a pulp. Nothing, in short, that would set him apart from any other journeyman writer. Indeed, when he took the wig off, Thompson even looked straight: short-haired, balding, trim, as one might expect a family man with a mortgage to pay to look. It was easy to be fooled, as Richard Nixon had been during the 1968 primary campaign in New Hampshire, when he invited Thompson along for a ride in his car for a private, hour-long chat about their mutual passion: pro football. Of course, when the ride was over, and they arrived at the airport, Thompson nearly killed him by leaning over the open gas tank of Nixon's private jet with a lighted cigarette dangling in his mouth. Not that he would have harmed Nixon on purpose. "He's a very gentle soul," Paul Scanlon once summed it up. "When he's not working, he sits home in Woody Creek and shoots at a tree with a .45."

But when he sat down at his typewriter, Hunter Thompson was someone else entirely. Then he became the dark Prince of Gonzo, the demon of fear and loathing, out to do rhetorical battle with the enemies of truth, justice and, as Hunter perceived it, the American way—be they Hell's Angels, Vegas hustlers, Super Bowl fans, or conniving politicians. The prose that issued forth under such conditions—along with Thompson's own accounting of the chemical substances he employed to fortify himself ("two bags of grass, seventy-five pellets of mescaline, five sheets of high-powered blotter acid, a salt shaker half-full of cocaine, and a whole galaxy of multi-colored uppers, downers, screamers, laughers . . . and also a quart of tequila, a quart of rum, a case of Budweiser, a pint of raw ether and two dozen amyls")—led many readers to suppose that his genius lay in his madness.

Alas, the truth was that Hunter Thompson, aside from certain eccentricities (such as occasionally employing a giant-sized medical syringe to inject a pint of gin directly into his stomach), was utterly sane. The "crazy" Hunter Thompson—the "Raoul Duke,"* who, as his official *Rolling Stone* biography had it, "lives with . . . an undetermined number of large dobermans trained to kill, in a fortified retreat somewhere in the mountains of Colorado"—was no more than a cover, an elaborate disguise devised to conceal a warm, generous, rather shy man who wanted nothing so much as to be a writer, and concluded that great writers had to be, by their very nature, a little larger than life.

That Hunter Thompson reverenced writing, the way other men worship a god or a rock star, and he worked at it—hard. Years before, as a clerk for *Time*, Thompson had spent evening after evening laboriously copying pages of Faulkner and Fitzgerald, trying to unravel the genius of their rhythms—"learning," as he put it, "how to build a house from the ground up." Later, he traveled west to California, learning, on the road, because that is what Kerouac had done, and he wanted to be like Kerouac. He worried over his own talent, and joked to his doctor that if he didn't use drugs, he would "have the mind of a second-rate accountant." When it came time to write, he put away most of the drugs and concentrated on his craft, sculpting each sentence and paragraph with a care and precision that belied the stream-of-consciousness Gonzo style.

The culture had cooled off. *Rolling Stone*, so dependent on music for its energy, desperately had to find a new gig

"Gonzo," in fact, was not his invention, but rather the description given his work by writer Bill Cardoso, whom Hunter had met while covering the 1968 Nixon campaign for the *National Observer*. In an admiring note, sent to Thompson after he had written a tour de force on the Kentucky Derby, Cardoso pronounced Hunter's work "real Gonzo," and thus the legend was born.

The Gonzo style, Thompson later claimed, was the natural outgrowth of his years as a sportswriter. "You get, in sportswriting, the opportunity to use verbs and adjectives naturally," he explained. "You know, where the Eagles would squash somebody and the Penguins would rip somebody and somebody else would stomp somebody . . . . You want the feeling of the grass, the atmosphere of the crowd, the tension, the excitement. You get a tremendous leeway with the usage of words . . . . As a matter of fact, the wilder you get, the better it is."

Sportswriting, as far as Thompson was concerned, was the perfect preparation for politics: "Sportswriters are used to being lied to . . . . So you come in a little angry . . . . It's a whole horrible con job, and either you accept it or you don't. I chose not to." That was Hunter's great weakness: he didn't like being lied to. His curse was to be an old-fashioned moralist, trapped in a world that, by its very immorality, constantly threatened to destroy him.

The craziness started in Chicago at the 1968 Democratic Convention. Thompson had come to cover it, as a straight reporter, and ended up being bloodied in the streets. For weeks afterward, he could not talk about the experience without crying. Yet he could never bring himself to write about it; the vision of kids being brutalized while "good Democrats" decried the "immorality" of the protestors, whirled in his head like a dervish. The violence with which he wrote was his only self-defense. He lived with a sense of doom, a conviction that he should never have lived past 30, and that he and the rest of the world were merely existing on borrowed time. To Thompson, the end was coming and his mission was to demand repentance. It was this Hunter Thompson, the preacher, the messenger from God, who, while covering the Super Bowl for *Rolling Stone*, would mount hotel balconies to warn unsuspecting fans of the fate that surely awaited them: "I howled at the top of my lungs . . . raving and screeching about all those who would soon be cast into the lake of fire, for a variety of low crimes and misdemeanors and general ugliness that amounted to a sweeping indictment of almost everybody in the hotel at that hour . . . .

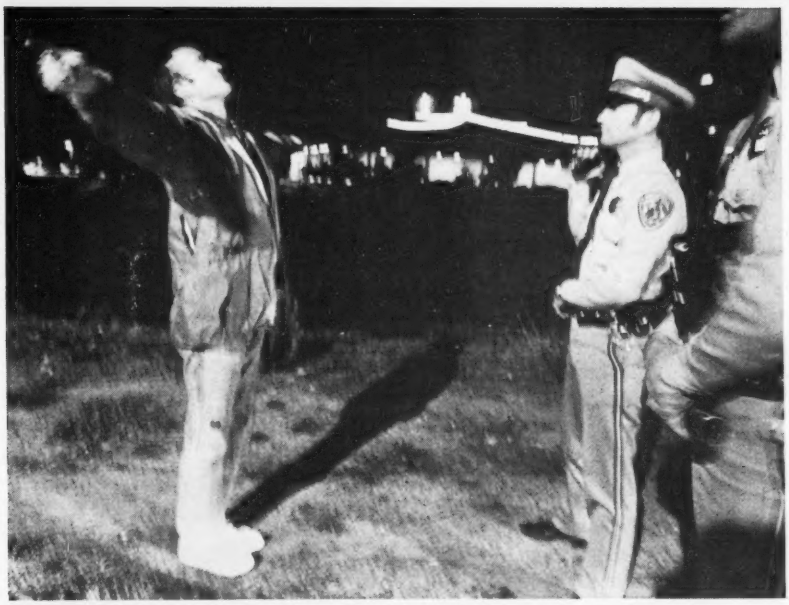
"'Four more years,' I shouted. 'My friend General Haig has told us that the Forces of Darkness are now in control of the nation—and they will rule for four more years!' I stopped to sip my drink, then I hit it again . . . .

"At this point I was seized by both arms and jerked backwards, spilling my drink and interrupting the climax of my sermon. 'You crazy bastard!' a voice screamed. 'Look what you've done! The manager just called. Get back in the room and lock the fucking door! He's going to bust us!'"

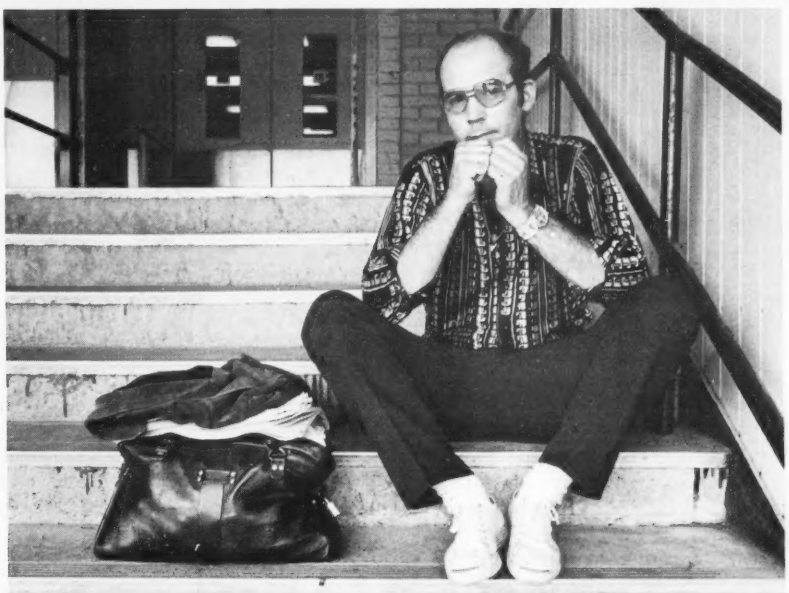
That is always what happened. A cooler head was always there, forever preventing him from delivering his message. Only a few, like Kurt Vonnegut,

*"Raoul Duke" was a character Thompson invented for the purpose of saying things that Thompson thought ought to be said, but had found no one who had said them. Depending on the quote and the circumstance, Raoul Duke could be a politician, a real estate salesman, a mechanic, anyone, in fact, who came to Hunter's imagination.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ/ROLLING STONE



PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL KREMENTZ



Genius or madman: *Thompson's flair for invention was evident in his writing, dress (shades, sneakers, Mexican shirt) and dealings with authority. Once he devised his own sobriety test of catching his glasses midair (top). The law accepted his proof.*

knew the darkness that was churning in his soul. "Hunter Thompson's disease," Vonnegut called it: an incurable, fatal malady suffered by those "who feel that Americans can be as easily led to beauty as to ugliness, to truth as to public relations, to joy as to bitterness."

By the time he met Wenner in 1970, Thompson was already a minor cult figure among younger readers, largely on the basis of *Hell's Angels*. Wenner, despite their first encounter, was sufficiently impressed by Thompson's reputation to buy the story of "The Battle of Aspen: Freak Power in the Rockies," Thompson's account of his epic electoral struggle to tear up the streets of Aspen and replant them with grass, and rename the town "Fat City." Thompson, of course, lost the election (though not by much—"We ran an honest campaign and that was the trouble," he explained), which was fortunate for Wenner. After all, if Thompson were enforcing the law rather than breaking it, he could hardly have become the superstar he quickly became for *Rolling Stone*.

Thompson couldn't have arrived at a better moment. The loss of Burks, Carroll, Marcus and other editors and writers following the 1970 purge, had decimated Wenner's writing talent. Editorially, *Rolling Stone* was at low ebb, coasting on the reputation it had established during the sixties. The trouble was that much of *Rolling Stone*'s excellence rested on its music writing, and, ever since Altamont, rock music had lost its vitality.

Thompson's impact was immediate. "Freak Power in the Rockies," followed by "Strange Rumblings in Aztlan" and the two-part "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas," triggered an avalanche of mail and critical acclaim. Thompson had an even more ambitious project in mind: no less than turning his manic talents loose on a presidential campaign.

Thompson first broached the idea of covering the campaign in early 1972, at an editorial conference at Big Sur. The resistance from the members of the staff was nearly unanimous. Freak politics was one thing; a straight presidential campaign was something else entirely. Personally, they were, like most young people, turned off by politics. Professionally, they didn't see how it would fit the *Rolling Stone* format. But Thompson was a powerful advocate. In the eyes of the staff, he was already a figure of rock star dimensions, an image that Thompson had recently enhanced at Big Sur by an encounter with the California Highway Patrol.

The cops had stopped Thompson while he was driving back to Big Sur with associate editor David Felton and photographer Annie Leibovitz after an unsuccessful search for a good restaurant. Hunter had made a sudden, high-speed turn off the Pacific Coast Highway, an understandable infraction, since he was stoned on mescaline and drinking freely from a bottle of Wild Turkey that stood open on the seat beside him. Thompson reacted with aggressive aplumb. When the cops ordered him out to take a sobriety test, he told Leibovitz to photograph the proceedings. When he flunked, and seemed on the verge of being arrested, he struck a deal with the cops. If he could flip his sunglasses off the back of his head and catch them before they hit the ground, he said, that would prove he was sober. The police, while dubious, agreed. And, *voilà*, Hunter did the impossible.

A man with such powers was irresistible. More important, Wenner liked the idea of letting Thompson cover the '72 campaign. It proved to be one of the most important decisions Wenner ever made. Not only did the campaign establish Thompson as a media superstar of

the first order, it unalterably changed the perception of *Rolling Stone*. Never again would Jann Wenner's creation be written off as "just another rock magazine."

In the early days of the campaign that rock image hindered Thompson. Many other political reporters either snubbed him or nervously steered clear of him. The candidates' staffs—with the exception of McGovern's—ignored him. Edmund Muskie banned him altogether, after being pursued, heckled and badgered through Florida by a drunken hippie who had snuck aboard Muskie's campaign train by using press credentials Thompson had obligingly provided. Shut out and cut off, Thompson grabbed his interviews where he could (one memorable session with McGovern was conducted while standing at a urinal), absorbed what was going on around him, and left the rest to his imagination. The result was the most insightful reporting of the entire campaign. Other reporters might *think* that Hubert Humphrey "campaigned like a rat in heat" or that Edmund Muskie betrayed the desperation of "a farmer with terminal cancer trying to get a loan on next year's crop," but only Hunter Thompson wrote it. While his colleagues pondered the collapse of Muskie, the man they had unanimously adjudged to be the front-runner, Thompson came up with the only reasonable explanation: the man from Maine had been poisoned by "Ibogaine," a little-known drug, Thompson reported, drawn from the roots of "Tabernanthe Iboga, a shrub indigenous to West Africa." Extracts of T.I., Thompson related, "are used by natives while stalking game. It enables them to remain motionless for as long as two days while retaining mental alertness."

By the Wisconsin primary, word of Thompson's unique abilities had come back to the press corps from various front offices, demanding to know why *they* hadn't discovered that Muskie was an "Ibogaine" addict. (The explanation was easy enough: Hunter had made up the entire story.) Then, during one swing through Wisconsin, George McGovern spotted Hunter in a crowd of other reporters and called out to him that he had read his last piece, and that it was "brilliant." That did it. Suddenly, Hunter was one of the boys. It was reporting like Thompson's that prompted Dan Rather to "wonder where I've been as a journalist."

As it happened, a Harvard-educated Peace Corps veteran named Timothy Crouse had been wondering the same thing about the entire press corps. Crouse had taken up rock criticism after his return to the United States in 1969. In time, his work attracted the attention of Jon Landau, then *Rolling Stone*'s chief rock critic, and Crouse became one of the magazine's east coast stringers. When Crouse tired of music ("I just couldn't take it anymore. It was getting to be the same story over and over again"), he turned to politics, and set out to cover the campaign. As far as Wenner was concerned, though, Crouse's only function was to baby-sit for Thompson: get him up in the morning, put him on the plane, do his legwork, insure that he functioned and that the copy came in on time. Wenner belittled Crouse's reporting abilities, telling other editors that "not only could he not write a story but wouldn't recognize one if he tripped over it." The taunts hit hard at Crouse, who was as insecure as he was noncombative. He stuttered badly, and, after his conversations with Wenner, his nervousness and stammering noticeably worsened.

Still, Crouse hung in. He enjoyed being on the campaign, and learning from Thompson, who, for all his supposed craziness, was a dogged, highly sophisticated reporter, always eager to show a younger man the ropes.

Hunter joked to his doctor that if he didn't use drugs he would "have the mind of a second-rate accountant"

All went well until the Wisconsin primary. Thompson was covering Muskie, the expected winner, while Crouse was to report on McGovern's concession statement. By early evening, however, it became apparent that McGovern would be a landslide winner and that Hunter would have no story. Over drinks in the bar of Milwaukee's Pfister Hotel, Thompson arrived at the logical solution: Crouse would write the story. When Crouse informed Wenner of the change in plans by phone, Wenner exploded. "The only thing you're there for is to be Hunter's legman," he spat into the phone. "I would be thrilled to be Hunter's legman. Don't write a fucking word." The threats continued for a few more minutes, with Wenner warning that he would fire Crouse for "insubordination." Finally, Crouse hung up, returned to his room, and, with a drunken Hunter cheering him on, proceeded to do exactly what Wenner had told him not to. The resulting piece ran virtually unedited, and no word of firing was mentioned ever again. Crouse's stuttering immediately dropped off.

Crouse's success and growing public notoriety, however, continued to bother Wenner. "Jann has always had a curious ambivalence about his writers," explains one of his senior editors. "He wants them to be successful and well-known, because it is good for *Rolling Stone*. But when they get too successful, the love affair is over. He gets very jealous. He begins worrying that they will leave him. And, because of the way he treats them, a lot of them do." That is exactly what happened to Crouse. When *The Boys on the Bus* appeared to lavish reviews ("The best thing on the elections that I have yet read," wrote John Kenneth Galbraith), Wenner was astounded and resentful. One editor remembers being with him while he read one especially favorable review, his face tightening with every paragraph. Despite himself, though, Wenner was impressed, even appreciative. Thanks to Crouse and Thompson, he had been fully bitten by the political bug.

After the windup of the presidential campaign, he started plotting strategy for regularizing and improving *Rolling Stone*'s political coverage. In part, his interest sprang from his old groupie instincts. With the Beatles gone, and the Stones and Dylan in semiretirement, there were fewer rock stars he wanted to meet. Instead, he turned to political heavies, such as Daniel Ellsberg, who became a weekend house guest, and the subject of a *Rolling Stone* interview.

The interview revealed as much about Wenner as it did about Ellsberg. The questions he asked seemed starstruck, like a little boy with his nose pressed up firmly against the candy store window:

How does it feel to watch the Watergate hearings and hear your name come up day after day? . . . What was the Pentagon like, as an experience, to run around with five-star generals passing in the hall? [Ellsberg's entire answer:] "It's a job." . . . *were you ever in a war room? Are they, as the movies portray, in subterranean basements with huge green-lit maps of the world? . . . Who do you think you are in the context of current history?*

Some of the *Rolling Stone* editors were embarrassed on reading the transcript, and gently suggested to Wenner that he might want to edit the interview very carefully. Wenner, however, was unfazed by the criticism. The 60,000-word interview (along with a cover portrait of Ellsberg that made him appear remarkably like a Greek god) took up

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13 mg. "tar," 0 .8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

much of two issues of *Rolling Stone* and Wenner later converted it into a booklet.

For all his growing fame and notoriety, he remained, in some respects, almost childlike, full of wonder for the public figures who were always getting their names in the *New York Times*. He wanted to meet more of them, take them to lunch, be known—and recognized—by them.

Thompson's motives were entirely different. He cared deeply about politics, and, after the disappointment of the Nixon landslide, was determined that the horrors he had witnessed should not be repeated again. The only answer, he decided, was to take matters into his own hands. He would summon the great political wizards of the country—the men he knew, admired (and, in several cases, smoked dope with) from the McGovern, McCarthy and Kennedy staffs, and together they would deliberate the future course of America; set the agenda, as it were, determine which issues were important and which were not, and then put down the transcript of their conclusions in a work so powerful, so brilliant, so absolutely compelling that, as Thompson put it, "whatever candidate's office you would walk into, you would see that book on his desk." Let the party haggle over the candidates. Hunter wanted to decide the issues.

In retrospect, it may have been an absurd, arrogant notion, but, at the time, it seemed reasonable, not only to Thompson and Wenner (who agreed to finance such a conference), but to the politicians whom, with great care and secrecy, Thompson invited to participate. The fact was that all of them came—a tribute to Thompson's reputation and *Rolling Stone*'s growing importance. What made their appearance all the more remarkable was that Thompson invited them not to Bermuda, or Santa Barbara or Hilton Head, or some other likely spot for heavies to gather, but to Elko, Nevada, a cow town Thompson had once passed through on the way to Vegas. Elko (population 8,617), in the dead of winter, Thompson figured, was the last place anyone would seek out such notables. And, to Hunter, secrecy was crucial. For one thing, he didn't want to offend those who weren't invited. For another, this was going to be *heavy* doings, nothing less than the creation of "a New Federalist Papers," as one participant later put it.

And so the greats convened: Dave Burke, Teddy's chief of staff; pollster Pat Caddell; McGovern strategists Rick Stearns and Frank Mankiewicz; Robert Kennedy speechwriter Adam Walinsky, along with some lesser-known but no less important lights from the McCarthy campaign. For two days and nights they talked, punctuating their points with clublike tire checkers Thompson had given to each of them to settle arguments. They started slowly at first, then picked up, and, finally, as Thompson later admitted, "descended into gibberish." Two other conferences were scheduled for the future, but they never came off. The transcript of the first meeting, when later examined, was deemed unfit for publication.

Wenner himself was undeterred. The meeting was not a total loss, if only because it had given him the opportunity to know a man who, however briefly, would play a large role in *Rolling Stone*'s political fortunes: Richard N. Goodwin.

Dick Goodwin was a person who attracted controversy almost by his very being. Abrasive, tough, possessed of an almost animal allure, Goodwin, by the time he met Wenner, had long since established a reputation for brilliance, nearly equaled by a reputation for making enemies. In that sense, they were a natural pairing. Wenner couldn't help but be impressed by his resume: clerk for Felix Frankfurter, speechwriter for two presidents, Latin American expert, an architect of the Great Society (the phrase was Goodwin's), friend of the Kennedys, mover, fixer, man about town, a person who had, as Frankfurter told Lyndon Johnson, "politics in his blood."

It was reporting like Thompson's that prompted Dan Rather to "wonder where I've been as a journalist"

The two of them first met in 1972, during a McGovern campaign stopover in Nebraska. They chatted about politics and *Rolling Stone*, and Goodwin confessed that he had never read the magazine. But the idea of combining rock and politics, Goodwin allowed, seemed interesting. For the next year, Wenner pursued the relationship, dropping Goodwin notes, telling him of his plans to increase *Rolling Stone*'s political coverage, and asking whether Goodwin would like to contribute. Goodwin, who by now had read several issues, replied that he didn't see how his style of writing would fit in the rock format. Jann kept pushing, Goodwin kept demurring. Finally they worked out a deal. Goodwin would open a *Rolling Stone* office in Washington, and recruit writers whose work, along with Goodwin's essays on the state of the nation, would appear in a special section of the magazine to be known as "Politics." If all went well, "Politics" would be spun off into a separate magazine: "a non-boring *New Republic*," as Wenner envisioned it. In return, Goodwin was to receive a salary of $50,000, expenses and a townhouse in Georgetown, for which *Rolling Stone* would pick up most of the rent.

Goodwin went to work in the summer of 1974. While the search went on for suitable Georgetown quarters, his friend Ethel Kennedy, who was out of town, let him use Hickory Hill as a base from which to court writers. One of those approached later recounted the scene for *Esquire*: "We went out on a Sunday afternoon and drove up to the house. Rock and roll music was blaring. We just followed the sound. In back of the house, we saw a small crowd gathered around the swimming pool in front of an enormous photograph of Bobby Kennedy. Goodwin greeted us. Hunter Thompson was sitting in a chair, drinking beer and telling stories. Babes in bikinis were lounging around the pool listening to Hunter. . . . I had the sense of being back at fraternity rush."

The magic, however, soon wore off. Back in San Francisco, the *Rolling Stone* staff, which had been opposed to the venture from the beginning, poked fun at Goodwin's rather turgid essays on the state of the nation, one of which was pinned to the office bulletin board with the mock headline, "Stating the Obvious." In fact, some of the reporting Goodwin commissioned, especially from Joe Klein, a former Boston reporter whom Goodwin lured to Washington to help him out with writing assignments, was first-rate. The trouble stemmed from the idea of marrying two antithetical cultures: the free-wheeling world of rock music and the formal, often leaden realm of Washington politics. *Rolling Stone* was a reflection of the easy, laid-back climes of San Francisco; the thinking that went on in Georgetown drawing rooms was an altogether foreign environment. Crouse, who lived with Goodwin and Doris Kearns in Georgetown, regarded Washington as "a place for grown-ups. You always had to be on your best behavior there, like, you always had to wear a tie. It drove me crazy." Klein, who was used to the arms-and-elbows street reporting of Boston, became "confused and frightened" by the "steady parade of famous, facile people with good teeth and chestnut hair shooting clever things to each other

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THE HUNTER THOMPSON INTERVIEW

Snow was beginning to fall on Aspen, when the Great Gonzo made his appearance. He timed it beautifully. As he swept through the door of the Jerome Bar, togged out in parka, sunglasses and safari shorts, the clock was just striking midnight. The very witching hour. What better moment to meet the Mad-Dog Prince himself.

He collected a bet (the Cowboys had just defeated the Bills by 7 points, and Hunter was holding a 14-point spread), ordered a double margarita, adjusted his cigarette holder to a rakish angle, corrected a bartender who had called him "Mr. Thompson" ("That's *Doctor*, and don't forget it"), turned to me and uttered what I took to be a sound of greeting: "aaarrrggghhh."

Thus commenced a talk that, in different times, places and states of sobriety, stretched out some sixteen hours, a conversation sprinkled with literary allusions, observations on the state of the nation, pro football, *Rolling Stone*, and the good doctor himself (who is feeling just fine, thank you). Some excerpts:

ON COMING TO *ROLLING STONE*: It was mutuality of interests. I was running for sheriff, and I wanted to write a piece where people would see it, kind of an ad for myself. *Rolling Stone* seemed like the best place. That's why it worked so well for so many of us, that mutuality of interests. We all got something out of it. *Rolling Stone* was the first place I had been where I could write exactly what I felt. It was terrific.

ON HIS WRITING: I'd do the end first, and then the beginning, and then try to figure out everything that was supposed to go in between. It used to drive some of the *Rolling Stone* people nuts. There would be all these excerpts: X, XX, XXX. They had to learn a whole new language. They didn't know that it was driving me nuts. I'd be just about finished, and Jann would call and say, 'We just lost a couple of ad pages—can you give me two more pages?' So then things would get very long. I would write about what I had for breakfast, and how it tasted, and what I had for lunch, and how it tasted, and on and on. But it was like that. Basically, he paid by the word. The more you wrote, the more money you made.

ON HIS EXPENSE ACCOUNT: Not nearly as much as everyone believes, I'll tell you that. Sometimes there would be these editors' notes about things I was buying—the $6000 flugel horns, for instance—they weren't true. They just added to the legend. Of course, if I thought I needed a $6000 flugel horn to communicate with Frank Mankiewicz, I wouldn't hesitate a moment. Expenses, for me, was sort of a way of evening the score with Jann. You had two choices. You could either be a cheat or be honest. I opted for excess. Jann saw money as entirely something else. In a way, it was the great equalizer for him. That was the way he could assert authority over people he otherwise had no control over. My god, Crouse had to get stubs for taxi cabs he was taking in New York. This has an eroding effect on your sense of who you are, and what your relationship is to the magazine. Everyone has the wrong impression about *Rolling Stone*—that it's this luxurious, decadent place, where people are living it up. It's not like that at all. I remember the first time I went to a party at *Playboy*, and thinking to myself, 'Hell, this is what I thought *Rolling Stone* was supposed to be.'

ON WORKING FOR WENNER: When you deal with Jann, you think of the worst possible result of what you are doing, and the best possible result, and a lot of the time you end up with both. He has this capriciousness, a kind of dazed arrogance, like a cocoon case of John Mitchellism. He could be your friend at night, and then do something horrible to you the next day, and then ask you out to dinner again that night. He could never quite grasp why people were pissed off at him. He'd say hideous things you thought were a joke and then he'd turn around the next day and do them. A lot of writers can't stand up to it. It's like he leads them down this long tunnel, and they discover too late that there is no way to go back up. He breaks people's confidence in themselves, by doing chicken-shit things, like arbitrary salary cuts. It's like he's giving a guy a gig in the military for having something wrong at inspection. Jann's trouble is that he never paid his dues. Everything has been right for him from the beginning, so he can't understand the troubles he always causes for people who have paid their dues.

ON WHY HE QUIT: It just drifted away. I suppose you always think that people will learn—the Bobby Kennedy syndrome. And I was doing everything to make him learn except knocking his head against a wall. I was always the middleman, explaining to people why they had been fucked. That's not the kind of thing I want to do for the next ten years. No amount of money is worth the constant haggling. I sensed that it would be a nice time to stop. I just kind of turned off the tap one day. It went as easily as it came.

ON *ROLLING STONE*'S FUTURE: I don't know. I haven't read it in months. But there are a lot of bad signs. Jann's much more interested now in what goes on the cover, what will sell magazines, than whether what is inside is worth reading. The product has gotten very watery. I don't think it stands on its own weight. There is no second level there. I don't know who would run the place if one day Jann gets run over by a black truck. Which is a real problem. Since there are a lot of people I know who would like to run him over with a black truck.

ON WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN: Hell, it could have been great. After Elko, I thought we were going to run wide open. I had worked on a lot of bad trains, running on a lot of awful tracks. Being on *Rolling Stone* was like riding the Metroliner. I wanted to put my foot down to the floor. There was Heinekens running in the taps. We could have done anything. I wanted to use *Rolling Stone* for political leverage, to bring on real change. I wanted to bring in every good writer in the country. And then Wenner sold the railroad. He was carrying the ball for all of us and he dropped it. And it was all over such small stuff. That's the real tragedy. Jann really could have had the world—he was that close—if he could have just reached out and been decent for a minute or two. Instead, he reached out for nickels and dimes.

ON HIS NEW BOOK: It'll have to wait a while; I don't work during the football season. But it's about Texas and gun-running and the American Dream. That's what I've always been interested in: whatever happened to the American Dream.

across the dinner table." When he asked Goodwin what he was supposed to do, Goodwin told him: "Get your feet wet; take people to lunch."

It turned out that everyone was taking everyone to lunch, and the bills were beginning to mount up. Rent on the posh new offices Goodwin had secured for the magazine, a block from the White House (in the same building where CREEP was headquartered), alone accounted for nearly $7,000 per month. And, when Goodwin entertained, which was frequently, it was invariably in the *grand luxe* style. Matters finally came to a head over what came to be known at *Rolling Stone* as "the foreign ministry dinner."

The original idea was noble enough: Goodwin wanted to expose Wenner to some members of the establishment in exile—figures like Tony Lake and Richard Holbrooke, Tad Szulc (who briefly signed on as a consultant to the magazine) and some of the familiar crowd from Brookings. What resulted was a graphic demonstration of the chasm between the Washington and San Francisco styles. As one participant recalls, "everything went wrong from the start. First, Goodwin didn't invite Klein and editor Marianne Partridge. They only came because Wenner insisted on it. Marianne, who had been told to wear a long dress, showed up in a blue nightgown, the only long dress she owned. Jann almost didn't show at all, and when he did come in, he was wearing jeans and a checkered shirt. Anyway, all these guys were sitting in the drawing room, smoking pipes, and talking about what *Rolling Stone* should cover, things like the gold surplus and shoe-import quotas. At one point, I remember, someone said, 'If we can just forget about hunger for a moment, and concentrate on the larger issues.' Well, the evening went like that. Jann was sitting off in a corner, and his eyes were rolling up to the ceiling."

Wenner bugged out when the bill arrived from the caterer for nearly a thousand dollars and refused to pay it. "It would have been cheaper to take everyone to Sans Souci," he later commented. Goodwin, not a man to be trifled with, thereupon offered to represent the caterer in a lawsuit against *Rolling Stone*, and Wenner was forced to pay up. Wenner, who had long defended Goodwin against the criticisms of the staff, gradually began to cool on him. As a token of his displeasure, he took away Goodwin's air travel card and closed his charge account at Washington's posh Class Reunion Bar.

Goodwin, meanwhile, was none too happy with Wenner. Despite assurances that he would have final say in editorial matters regarding Washington, he found that Wenner was undercutting his authority. Writers whom Goodwin had hired discovered that when their bills went to San Francisco, they sometimes went unpaid, or, more often, were paid only in part. One writer collected his $2,000, only after Goodwin provided him with a sworn affidavit. Frank Mankiewicz, who was hired as a $500-per-month consultant, was dismissed by Wenner a few months later. Such manipulations further deepened the tensions between Wenner and Goodwin.

Wenner was never entirely comfortable in Washington. He was, for a man of his position, woefully ignorant about public affairs and, as Goodwin saw it, almost boastful of his anti-intellectualism. Goodwin did little to help matters. He regularly patronized Wenner, not only about political matters, but about concerns closer to Wenner's heart, such as his stereo system, which Goodwin (who could literally take apart and rebuild amplifiers) inspected and, to Wenner's chagrin, pronounced "five and dime stuff."

"Washington was not Jann's turf," explains Thompson. "He'd come to town and no one would pay any attention

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to him. People in the office wouldn't even pay any attention to him. Goodwin, Szulc treated him like he was a necessary evil, like he was a little kid who didn't know anything. And, of course, he didn't."

Nonetheless, plans for the new political magazine still seemed to be going forward in the fall of '74. Wenner had agreed to put up $500,000 to get the venture off the ground. In return, Goodwin was expected to make a three- to five-year commitment to the project. Former Democratic National Committeewoman Anne Wexler, a power in Washington politics, was hired on to publicize the magazine—"our own lobbyist," as one senior editor put it. Then, even as the final papers were being drawn up, everything fell apart. The cause, surprisingly, was Goodwin. Wenner had worn him out. He was weary, he said later, of the constant tension of dealing with San Francisco, of the petty intrigues and "minor league hustling" that came from working with Wenner. He doubted, frankly, "whether Jann has the guts to be a big entrepreneur." As Goodwin put it: "I simply decided there were more important things I wanted to do."

Goodwin and *Politics* might be gone, but, for Wenner, his Washington exposure had not been without its benefits. There were the pleasant perks that Goodwin had arranged, like the luncheon with Jackie Onassis, an event that, as one *Rolling Stone* editor put it, "left Jann in heaven for the next six months." (When one of his editors later asked him what had transpired, Wenner replied: "I don't think I am in a position to reveal personal confidences.") His friends might smile at such happenings, but they increased Wenner's visibility. He once again became a profile subject for the newsweeklies, both of which headlined their articles "Gathering No Moss."

The attention was well-deserved. *Rolling Stone*, in the early seventies, was at the very summit of its editorial powers. Thompson and Crouse were merely the most visible of an increasingly star-studded team. There were also talents like Klein, whose evocative portrayal of a chemical worker dying of cancer sparked a national investigation into the indiscriminate use of PCBs; science writer Tim Ferris, who "discovered" exobiologist Carl Sagan years before he started showing up in *Scientific American* promotional copy; cultural critic Jonathan Cott, whose literate interview with pianist Glenn Gould exposed *Rolling Stone*'s readers to a musical intelligence that otherwise would not have been discovered; associate editor David Felton, who brilliantly exposed the "acid fascism" of the Mel Lyman family (which thereupon dispatched two of its members to beat Felton up); and Joe Eszterhas, whose terse, compelling narrative of the killing of an innocent hippie during a trumped-up drug raid led to a murder indictment of one of the narcs. With such writing, it was no wonder that *New York Times* managing editor Abe Rosenthal confessed that his reporters regularly culled the pages of *Rolling Stone* looking for story ideas. *Rolling Stone* was rapidly becoming one of the most influential magazines in the country.

None of it would have happened, of course, without Wenner. For all the trials and traumas to which he subjected his writers—the bullying of Crouse, the "fining" of Felton for various imagined infractions—he also provided encouragement and freedom they would not have found elsewhere. Many times he would allow writers to embark on projects about which he was personally dubious (Cott's piece on Gould was one such example), solely because he trusted them. If a writer had Wenner's confidence, everything was possible: plane tickets to Africa, unlimited expenses, and, most importantly, the space and freedom from capricious editing that allowed him to display his talents. Traits that would have driven other editors to despair—alcoholism, drug abuse, profligate spending, missed deadlines—Wenner took in stride, so long as there was talent to back it up. Sometimes he would be burned (one writer, for whom Wenner bought a van so he could explore the Great American Southwest, disappeared into Mexico and used the van for drug smuggling), and, often as not, the persons who burned him the most severely were those he trusted the most. But, invariably, he gave them a second chance, and often, a third or a fourth. Some of *Rolling Stone*'s most prominent writers were men whose shattered careers Wenner had salvaged. Joe Eszterhas, for instance, turned up at *Rolling Stone* after having been fired by the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. Eszterhas had also been on the losing end of an eight-to-one Supreme Court judgment, which found that one of his *Plain Dealer* stories had played fast and loose with the facts, in this case describing a visit with a "hillbilly" woman he had never laid eyes on. Similarly, Howard Kohn, the coauthor of the celebrated "Inside Story" on Patty Hearst's captivity and *Rolling Stone*'s most proficient investigative reporter, had, immediately before coming to *Rolling Stone*, been fired by the *Detroit Free Press*, and pleaded no-contest to a charge of filing a false police report. With backgrounds such as those, both Eszterhas and Kohn might have found it difficult to find employment anywhere. At *Rolling Stone*, with Wenner's blessing, they flowered. Even Hunter Thompson was hardly being deluged with offers when Wenner signed him on, and, given his writing style, and the space it required, small wonder. But Wenner gave Thompson the space and the freedom that turned a modestly successful, highly eccentric writer into a journalistic superstar. Thompson, despite the difficulties he would experience with Wenner later, never forgot that debt—"creative mutuality of interests," he called it—nor did Crouse or any of the others. As Crouse put it: "Without Jann, I would be nowhere at all. You can't underestimate the galvanizing energy of his personality. And, you have to remember, that we weren't exactly the most employable people in the world. A lot of us couldn't get into any other magazine except *Rolling Stone*. No one wanted me, that's for sure. But Jann gave me the chance. He gave all of us the chance."

"Without Jann," says Crouse, "I would be nowhere at all. You can't underestimate the galvinizing energy of his personality"

In return, writers like Crouse and Thompson made *Rolling Stone*, as the *Boston Globe* described it, "the most exciting American magazine to have come along in years." Ironically, the gathering acclaim created its own problem. Wenner, for one, began to take himself ever more seriously, to the point of referring to himself in the language of his own press clips. He was a "*wunderkind*," he would boast, even while mispronouncing the word. The trouble was that, like any aging *wunderkind*, increasingly taken with himself, Wenner wanted to act more and more like a grown-up. What he wanted, in short, was respectability.

Respectability. It was a curious word for a magazine that had built its reputation on rejecting so-called "adult" values. But it was a word that was increasingly heard around *Rolling Stone* as the sixties receded in memory. "Jann and I really lust after respectability," said Paul Scanlon. So, it seemed, did everyone. "We took a bum rap because of

what happened during the sixties," explained George Carleton, the magazine's 52-year-old circulation director. "We want to try to clear up people's misperceptions about us." The misperception, an executive added, was that *Rolling Stone* was a "druggy, hippie magazine," an image that did not go down well on Madison Avenue. The new promotion ads now described *Rolling Stone* as "a general interest magazine covering contemporary American culture, politics and arts, with a special interest in music."

The new atmosphere was especially noticeable in the magazine's business department, where the "hippies," as Wenner referred to the previous sales staff, were replaced by a straighter crew, given to French-pleated shirts and two-martini lunches.

Chief among them was a smooth, young Texan named Joe Armstrong, who became *Rolling Stone*'s president and publisher in 1975.

Armstrong's appointment was the culmination of a five-year search for a publishing figure who could work with Wenner.

A number of men had tried. None had stayed very long. After Porter Bibb's departure, Wenner had first turned to Larry Durocher, a bluff, brilliant Boston Irishman who had been publisher of the *Boston Phoenix*. But Durocher told Wenner things he did not want to hear, namely that *Rolling Stone* had to abandon any notion of becoming "a hip *Time* magazine." He was fired in 1974. Next came Richard Irvine—"the California golden boy," as he was known inside the office—a marketing specialist fresh from Walt Disney Enterprises. Youthful and hip, Irvine figured he had the right chemistry to work with Wenner. One day, coming back from lunch with two *Rolling Stone* business types, he started talking about the unique relationship he had developed with Wenner, how they were "almost family." He would succeed where the others failed, he said, because of the "brotherly bond" that existed between him. Just then, they bumped into the art director Bob Kingsbury, who proceeded to tell them in highly graphic terms how Wenner was destroying him. Kingsbury's recitation was so heated that Irvine never had a chance to be introduced. When he departed, Irvine said, "Who the hell is that?" His two companions smiled: "That's Jann's brother-in-law." Irvine lasted seven months.

And so it went. After a while, the business department began budgeting $2,000 per month under the heading "executive talent search," knowing that Jann would be spending at least that as he went through people. In fact, they underestimated. Wenner spent nearly ten times that figure in settling a lawsuit with one would-be *Rolling Stone* president, who was hired and fired within the space of a week.

But then came Armstrong, and things began to change. His background in publishing was meager (his previous employment had been as assistant *to* the publisher of *Family Weekly*, a job, which in Armstrong's retelling, became *assistant publisher)* but he had reservoirs of oleaginous charm, a flair for promotion ("*How come he got so smart so fast*?" the ads read. "14 hours a day and six-and-a-half-day weeks, all at full speed. *Does he ever slow down?* Only when he talks "), and, most importantly, Wenner's confidence.

Out went the four-letter words, the nude pictures and the long-standing ban on cigarette advertising. In came the ads from Mobil, Toyota, Polaroid, Colgate-Palmolive and 90 other advertisers, many of them blue chip. And up went

"Ralph and I were partners," wrote Wenner after Gleason's death. "He was my main man . . . number one, boss and most beautiful"

the advertising revenues, from $1.5 million in 1972 to an estimated $5.5 million in 1976. Circulation, which had been stalled at around 250,000 for several years, also began to climb. Now *Rolling Stone* could be found in such unlikely outlets as the check-out stand at Safeway.

The change was reflected on the editorial side as well. Articles, once lightly edited, and seldom checked for accuracy, were suddenly subjected to close copyediting and careful research, as careful, at times, as the legendary fact checking done at *The New Yorker*. Wenner, after one out-of-court libel settlement, became almost neurotically sensitive about lawsuits. Writers were sometimes briefed on the fine points of libel and invasion of privacy even *before* they set out on stories. Along with their notebooks, they took packets of legal material, including release forms for sources to sign, a practice that not only was "respectable," but unheard of at other magazines.

Still, there were occasional lapses. One recent issue, for instance, included a picture of a rock star with a corncob stuck between his legs and a girl kneeling in front of him. That wouldn't do at all. Not with Safeway's sensibilities. So, even as the presses were running, the picture was altered. Altered several times, in fact. In one edition, the corncob was scratched out. But that made the picture seem even more suspicious. Accordingly, the presses were stopped again, and this time the girl's head was scratched out. Still not good enough. So the presses were halted a third time, and the picture scratched altogether.

The new respectability was not without its critics, and they included the man Wenner most admired, his surrogate father, Ralph Gleason. Like that of any father and son, their relationship through the years had combined both love and hate. There were long periods when the two of them were not on speaking terms. Even when relations were cordial, Gleason seldom came into the office, but communicated with Wenner through long letters, many of them highly critical of the magazine's performance. At times, as in one interview Gleason granted to the *Columbia Journalism Review* in 1974, the criticism surfaced in print. "The *New York Times* broke the big record payola scandal without *Rolling Stone* even being aware of the investigation," Gleason said.

Gleason went on to undercut *Rolling Stone*'s reputation with the established media ("the straight press looks at *Rolling Stone* and says it's doing a great job—but the straight press doesn't know anything about what *Rolling Stone* is covering"), and also had a few barbed words for Hunter Thompson: "I don't dig the sense of responsibility he presents to kids in, say, Kentucky who don't have much experience with things when he mixes hallucinations and facts."

Gleason's comments irritated Wenner, but he continued to defend him to his editors, a number of whom had been pressing Wenner to drop his column, on the grounds that it was almost a parody of an aging hipster. Jann knew what many others did not, namely that Gleason, long burdened by diabetes and various other ailments, was very, very sick.

Gleason, nonetheless, remained bitter. Several months before his death in June 1975 he called several old *Rolling Stone* hands for their advice on how to sell his stock. He was fed up, resentful that in all the attention *Rolling Stone* was receiving his name was seldom mentioned. Without him, he said, there

DOONESBURY
by Garry Trudeau
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AHEM!
IS THAT YOU, DUKE?
9-11
YES, I THOUGHT SO. I MUST SAY YOU MADE VERY GOOD TIME, DUKE— THE ISSUE'S ONLY BEEN OUT FOR A WEEK..
TELL ME, DUKE, WHAT WAS IT THAT GALLED YOU THE MOST? WAS IT BEING CUT FROM THE STAFF? LOSING YOUR SALARY? OR WAS IT JUST THE PUBLIC DISGRACE? WAS THAT IT, DUKE, WAS THAT IT?
I'VE COME TO KILL YOU.
YOU POOR, DESPERATE FOOL.
GBTrudeau
LOOK, BOY WONDER, YOU CAN'T TAKE ME OFF THE MASTHEAD!—MY READERS WILL HAVE YOUR HEAD!
WHAT READERS?! YOU HAVEN'T PRODUCED AN ARTICLE IN YEARS!
9-12
DUKE, IF YOU WANT TO STAY WITH THIS ORGANIZATION, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO START PAYING SOME DUES AGAIN! I'M REASSIGNING YOU TO THE ROCK 'N' ROLL BEAT!
ROCK 'N' ROLL BEAT?! ARE YOU MAD!
YOUR FIRST PROJECT WILL BE AN UPDATE REPORT ON CHER.
A WRITER OF MY STATURE?!
CHER'S COOL— SHE WON'T MIND.
GBTrudeau
YOU'RE QUITE MAD, YOU KNOW. NO WAY I'M GOING TO COVER CHER!
YES, YOU ARE, DUKE! OR YOU DISAPPEAR FROM THE MASTHEAD FOR GOOD!
9-13
YOU PUP! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!
WHY? WHERE YOU GOING TO GO, DUKE— "LADIES HOME JOURNAL"?
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT EVEN A TEMPORARY GREGG AND CHER GIG COULD DO TO MY REP?
TEMPORARY? WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT TEMPORARY? I'M MAKING YOU BUREAU CHIEF!
GREGG AND CHER BUREAU CHIEF?!
AND I'M ONLY DOING IT BECAUSE WE'RE OLD FRIENDS.
GBTrudeau

Last laugh: *By 1975, Thompson was "the nation's leading looney." But he wasn't writing like before and Wenner wasn't happy.*

wouldn't even have been a *Rolling Stone*, and Jann Wenner would have remained "a roly-poly rock and roll kid." He wanted to get out, take the profits that were due him, only Wenner was holding him up, offering what Gleason considered a deflated price for the stock. "Ralph wasn't mad so much about the money or the stock," says one of the friends he talked to, "but the power they gave Jann over him. He was furious."

They had not really made up, when one of Wenner's editors walked into his office the afternoon of June 2, 1975, and informed Jann that Ralph had suffered a massive heart attack. Wenner, to the editor's surprise, began sobbing uncontrollably. The next day, Gleason died.

Wenner eventually recovered his composure and devoted most of the next issue to memorializing Gleason. All the old enmities were forgotten, and former editors like John Burks, putting aside their bitterness for Wenner, came into the office to make the issue a success. There were tributes from all over the music business, from the great and the small, from all the people Gleason had helped and encouraged over the years, but none were so affecting as the memorial written by Wenner: "Ralph and I were partners," he began. ". . . He was my main man. . . . number one, boss and most beautiful. . . . without Ralph we wouldn't be here. . . . He was a father to me. . . . It was our dream that *Rolling Stone* would find a rightful place, as would the music native to America, among those ways and means by which we see ourselves and learn about our lives—and tonight it eases the frightening, childlike fear of the utter, final loss of a part of my own body and life and years."

"When you saw Jann during those days," says one of his editors, "you couldn't help but remember the

scene at the end of the *Godfather, Part II,* when Michael Corleone is sitting there, all alone, having killed all his enemies, and being able to trust no one, except family. And now, for Jann, the only family he ever knew was gone."

Or almost gone. Because there was still Hunter—only Hunter was rapidly slipping away.

At one time, the two of them had been very close, as close, at least, as Wenner got to anyone who worked for him. Wenner not only appreciated Thompson's talents, but genuinely seemed to like him as a companion. During Thompson's rare forays to San Francisco, he was a guest at Wenner's house, as was Jann at Hunter's when he came to Aspen to ski. Wenner, who had a well-developed, if cynical, sense of humor, delighted in Thompson's continual put-ons, though on some occasions they could go too far. One night, for instance, the two of them and a bartender friend of Hunter's were relaxing in the study of Jann's townhouse, listening to records, talking, and getting quite stoned on hash. Thompson wanted Wenner to listen to a Joni Mitchell album he thought deserved special praise from *Rolling Stone,* but Wenner had nodded off. So Thompson attracted Wenner's attention as only Hunter Thompson could, namely, by blasting him in the face with a fire extinguisher. Wenner awoke in a cloud of gray gop. It covered the room, but nothing more completely than Wenner, who stumbled out on the patio, gasping for breath. Wiping the goo from his eyes, he crashed back into the room, directly into the sliding glass doors. By the time he reached Thompson, gasping and heaving, he was so angry that he shook his fist, shouting, "It may take me the rest of my life, but so help me, I'll get even with you." With that, Hunter, who was laughing uncontrollably, blasted Wenner's dog and sent him careening out onto the patio, as a demonstration that fire extinguishers were actually quite harmless. (More recently, Thompson played the reverse of the trick on Wenner, when, one night in Wenner's New York apartment, Hunter fulfilled "the ultimate ambition every writer has about his editor," and literally breathed fire on him. The stunt, which is not recommended for the faint of heart, involved blowing a mouth-full of lighter fluid over a lighted Zippo in the direction of the intended victim, who, if he were not fast on his feet, would be engulfed in a whooshing, rolling fireball. Wenner was merely singed.)

Their friendship survived such incidents, and, for a time, the bond between them grew continually stronger. They wrote each other long letters, and talked late at night for hours on the phone, planning their adventures. Jann said that when he became president of the United States, Hunter could be his press secretary, even his secretary of state. But, for the moment, he desperately wanted him to come to San Francisco, and run the national affairs desk full time. As an inducement, he offered to buy Thompson a house and sell him a significant block of *Rolling Stone* stock at cut-rate prices. Thompson was intrigued, but wary. He considered Wenner to be an essentially schizoid personality. There was the "nighttime" Jann Wenner, generous, warm and loose, and the "daytime" Jann Wenner, uptight, greedy, and vindictive. His friendship was with the nighttime Wenner. He feared that by coming to San Francisco, he would, as so many others had, come face-to-face with the daytime Wenner, and grow to hate him.

The Elko Conference softened Thompson's resistance. He was impressed that Wenner had backed the scheme, and, at that moment, he was very high on *Rolling Stone*'s possibilities. Thompson thought that, with his help, and those of the writers he and Wenner were assembling, *Rolling Stone* could become a major force for change and betterment.

The talk got more serious. It seemed that he and Jann were on the verge of a deal. Then, one night, Wenner left a letter of agreement he had drafted with Thompson and went upstairs to bed. What Thompson claims he read were not the terms that Wenner had been previously talking about. The offer was little more than an invitation to join in the regular employees' profit-sharing plan. Enraged, Thompson crossed out sections of the letter with a red pen, stalked out, and flew home to Aspen that night. For months afterward, he would not take Wenner's phone calls. He now referred to his friend Jann as "the rotten little dwarf."

The rupture, while temporary, was inevitable, given the way the two of them dealt with money, Thompson not taking it very seriously, while, for Wenner, it had almost transcendent importance. Money had been a constant irritation between them. The first flare-up was sparked by Thompson's expedition to Las Vegas, the madcap journey that was the inspiration for *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas,* his most important book. Thompson wanted to rent a white Cadillac convertible ("How do they expect me to cover the American Dream in a

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL DOBO

On the bus: *Timothy Crouse (left), who once wrote about rock stars like James Taylor (right), established himself as political journalist par excellence in the '72 campaign.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY H.S. THOMPSON

Issues, no answers: *Early in 1974, Thompson organized the Elko conference, to create "a New Federalist Papers." The meeting, Thompson later admitted, "descended into gibberish." Among those attending were, counterclockwise, Wenner (lower right); Sandy Berger, Rick Stearns, Pat Caddell and Carl Wagner of the McGovern campaign; Dave Burke; Adam Wallinsky; and Richard Goodwin and son.*

Volkswagen?"), but Wenner insisted on something far more modest; as a result, Thompson withheld *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* from Wenner's book publishing company, and it went on to become a best-seller.

The next round went to Wenner. His contract with Thompson for the 1972 campaign year called for the writer to receive a retainer of $1,000 per month, an incredibly modest sum, given Thompson's worth to the magazine, plus expenses, which would later be taken out of Thompson's book royalties. As it turned out, Thompson's share of the paperback rights for *Fear and Loathing: on the Campaign Trail* amounted to approximately $33,500, of which all but $2,000 went back to Wenner for expenses. Thompson wound up his most productive year deep in the hole. Next came a struggle over *Fear and Loathing at the Super Bowl*. Hunter had excellent sources on the Oakland Raiders, but they talked best after snorting cocaine. It was only reasonable, Hunter thought, to write the drug off as a legitimate reporting expense. Wenner resisted. In fact, he secured a legal opinion that such a practice was quite outside the law. Hunter had allies inside the magazine, however, and this time he prevailed.

But Wenner was growing increasingly frustrated with his star. Since the 1972 campaign, Thompson's output had fallen off dramatically, in part because of Thompson's pique with Wenner, and in part because of the time Thompson was devoting to helping organize the Washington office. But something else was at work as well. Hunter's sudden celebrity was giving him problems. By the end of the campaign, he was being asked for autographs at press conferences. Teenies were coming up to other *Rolling Stone* writers, asking if they were Hunter Thompson, or, if not, whether they were lucky enough to know him. For a while, Thompson basked in the attention. "He rather liked being treated like a rock star," says one of his friends. "In a way, Hunter thought he deserved it. He even began acting like one. Candidates and their staffs had to adjust their time to fit *his* schedule. He was very put out when they didn't." But, in time, Thompson's mythic reputation began to burden him. As a friend and fellow *Rolling Stone* editor explains: "It's a terrible responsibility to have to keep topping yourself when you have a reputation for being the nation's leading looney."

At the pinnacle of his fame and in constant demand to speak before college audiences, Thompson was finding it harder and harder to find something he wanted to write about. Politics no longer interested him. He was a form searching for a subject. The dark moments of the creative soul, when he found himself looking at a blank piece of paper in the typewriter—"down to the deadline again . . . and those thugs out in San Francisco will be screaming for Copy. Words! Wisdom! Gibberish! Anything! The presses roll at noon. . . . This room reeks of failure once again . . ."—were becoming more and more frequent. Wenner made story proposals: Coors Beer . . . Cocaine. Nothing worked.

Finally Thompson tried Zaire. It seemed a natural place to look. Muhammad Ali was attempting a comeback, fighting George Foreman. The place was dark, mysterious. All the writing heavies would be there. What better spot to rekindle the Thompson magic? But there was unexplained trouble—"too much voodoo, black magic and witchcraft," he told Felton later—some sort of fiendish hex had been placed on Gonzo. Actually, what had happened was that Thompson had set out to discover where all the money from the fight was going, and had run into a curtain of silence. Then, to complicate matters, he contracted malaria. In the end, he didn't even go to the

Continued on page 54

THE DAY THE WORKERS TOOK OVER

In Washington, D.C., control of a $60 million company has been passed from management to the workers, but not without some dissent on *both* sides. "Democracy," as IGP's founder points out, "is about as foreign to most Americans as an African tribal rite"

By Daniel Zwerdling

July 1974

When Karl Marx predicted that workers in the United States would seize control of industry, he never envisioned the struggle would begin just ten blocks from the White House in the financial heart of Washington, D.C.—in an insurance corporation. But here are the 300 secretaries, accountants, salespeople, file clerks and other employees of Consumer United Group (better known as International Group Plans, or IGP) streaming to the ballot boxes and *electing* most of the corporate management by popular vote.

What changes might be wrought inside General Motors if assembly-line workers selected the executives by the same method? At IGP, the 30 production clerks who process insurance policies for clients like the National Council of Senior Citizens, a crucial $2 million account, elect a former supermarket cashier as department head. He trounces a candidate who knows far more about the insurance business but who, one worker explains, is "too cold and aloof."

And in the military department, which handles insurance for bedrock conservatives like members of the Air Force Sergeants Association, a woman with a penchant for beehive hairdos ousts the incumbent department head, a granite-faced retired military officer named Max Wenger.

"Look, Max is a very bright guy and extremely capable," says Jeff Kibler, an insurance claims clerk who earns less than $10,000 a year. "But he just doesn't know how to work democratically with the people."

"Sure I would have liked to continue as department head," says Wenger, who will be transferred now to a nonmanagerial job. "But if the people here"—pronounced *the People*, with a capital P—"don't like you, you don't have a chance in hell to succeed."

July 1976

Since the first elections two years ago, selecting the managers by popular vote has become just one more controversial policy at this company—"we don't call it the company, we call it the *community*," a claims clerk corrects me—where official policy requires workers to take at least two weeks vacation every year, where mailroom clerks hire and fire fellow employees, and where every worker receives an equal share of the corporate profits. In an industry that starts clerks at below $6,000, workers in the IGP community earn a minimum of $8,100 plus profits—ever since the workers voted in a special referendum that every person deserves a decent wage.

The management elections in this insurance corporation have become a landmark in the fledgling American movement for democracy in the workplace, or workers' control. Workers' control is the notion that citizens should have the same democratic powers to control their lives in the workplace as the Constitution promises them in their community and home. It's a radical idea in this country, where most people spend most of their waking lives submitting to a management dictatorship on the job. But democratizing the workplace has become an important public issue in the last five years as social research surveys have suggested that traditional management is causing widespread worker discontent—along with growing worker absenteeism, low productivity and poor-quality work.

In an effort to soothe their labor ills, some corporations have been trying to "humanize" work by giving employees the power to make small decisions on the shop floor. At a General Motors factory in Pontiac, Michigan, for instance, management has granted workers the "power" to assemble mobile homes in small teams rather than on an assembly line. And companies such as Procter & Gamble and General Foods have been widely publicized for giving employees at some plants the freedom to rotate jobs, perform their own maintenance work and manage production day to day with little supervision.

International Group Plans has leaped light years beyond these reforms and turned the traditional corporate power structure on its head—by giving the 340 workers the democratic power literally to control the entire corporation. During one week this spring, employees were gathering at a wine and cheese party to elect half the corporate board of directors, and the worker-elected con-

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gress was drafting a more lucrative severance pay policy. The Personal Justice Committee—the worker-elected court which delivers the final verdict on company grievances—was overturning a worker team's decision to fire a troublesome employee.

It's one of the nation's best-kept secrets, but the white-collar clerks inside this Washington, D.C., insurance corporation have gained as much power as workers in the self-managed factories of Yugoslavia, where worker control is imposed by national law. While they churn out health and life insurance policies, the employees at IGP are proving that rank and file workers in the United States are capable of wielding far more control over corporate decisions than most Americans dream possible.

"What I've done," says James P. Gibbons, Jr., the founder, president, and chief architect of this anomaly in American corporate history, "is to create the first corporate power structure in this country which the employees have the power to change as they want. I'm not talking about anything," Gibbons says cheerfully, "short of a total revolution."

Until five years ago IGP functioned like any other high pressure insurance corporation—large executive offices and wall-to-wall carpeting, abstract graphics on the walls and lots of powerless, low-paid clerks. But there was a crucial difference: Jim Gibbons was president.

Fellow workers from secretaries to vice-presidents (they're called "team supports" and "center forwards" in the IGP egalitarian lingo) describe Gibbons as brilliant, charismatic, fanatic, zealous, impulsive, impatient, tireless, manipulative, unflinchingly honest—and most all, an unsurpassed genius at selling anything to anybody. In 1964, Gibbons founded IGP with three partners and a new strategy for selling insurance, not by door-to-door salesmen, but by mass mailings coordinated by computers. Four years later Gibbons had built the company into 100 employees handling $10 million in premiums, and today the corporation is worth six times as much.

But Gibbons says his real mission on this planet is social and political change. Back in the early sixties Gibbons was a consummate liberal: peace activist, civil rights marcher, Catholic lay organizer battling to divert church construction funds to inner-city housing projects. "When I bought my partners out in 1969 I began to realize I had to integrate what I did as a businessman with what I was marching for out on the streets," Gibbons says. "And that is when I became consciously committed to making this company a self-sustaining, living model of social change." He sits at his desk in an open pool of rank and file clerks. There are no separate, elitist offices for managers anymore.

Gibbons launched his revolution in the spring of 1972 by calling a company-wide meeting and announcing that he was transforming the employees into equal owners of the corporation—in effect giving them 50 percent of the corporate stock in a nonsaleable, profit-sharing trust. Six months later he decreed the rank and file employees would elect half the board of directors. And then Gibbons began creating a network of employee-elected committees which, he declared, would begin making the kind of corporate decisions traditionally reserved for an executive elite.

"Democracy at IGP has two main goals," Susan Modine, a community trainer, tells a group of new employees at their first indoctrination session. She points to a silver poster with Gibbons' credo: "Goal I: To build a lasting economic institution which helps satisfy the real needs of our clients. . . . Goal II: To build this institution on a foundation which maximizes the humanness of everyone involved and creates . . . an alternative model for business."

"I've created the first corporate power structure in this country which the employees have the power to change," says Gibbons. "I'm not talking about anything short of revolution"

Gibbons' goals are everywhere. Employees see them on the bulletin boards, posted next to the latest corporate financial statement. They read them in the two-page philosophical treatises that Gibbons churns out for mass consumption, in which are quoted his favorite prophets—from humanist psychologist Abraham Maslow to organization theorist Peter Drucker, from Thomas Jefferson to Jonathan Livingston Seagull. Workers at IGP sprinkle their conversations with references to "Jim's philosophy" and "Goal II" with the same reflexive ease that Red Guards quote the teachings of Mao.

I began a six-week search for democracy at IGP in the worker teams—autonomous work groups spread throughout the company, each with about a dozen workers who perform the same job. The team concept means that rank and file employees, not managers, hire new employees, and wield the crucial power to fire. "The department head has been really hot to fire a member of our team who's been absent a lot," says Jeff Kibler, as his team of military claims examiners emerges from a heated meeting. "But we told her no, we don't want to fire her yet; we want to give her another chance. The department head doesn't like our decisions," Kibler says, "but there's really nothing she can do."

Day to day, the team concept means that the autonomous worker teams organize the company's work and decide how to perform it on their own. Clerks churning out new insurance policies call a meeting to write form letters to clients together and to discuss whether they can handle the extra workload if a teammate takes a three-week vacation. "I got an inspiration over my morning coffee as to how we could improve the whole filing system," says Mamie Burgess, who earns $9300 for sorting folders all day in the central files division. "So I called a meeting of the girls and they voted to try it."

"Look, just say we are completely in charge of our own jobs from day to day," says Kurt Carr at IGP. Carr is a softspoken University of Chicago dropout who worked construction before finding a clerical job at IGP. He pauses while an announcement booms over the public address system asking members of the company food co-op to bring produce orders to the front reception desk. "I mean that individuals like myself, making close to a minimum wage, make decisions on our own that could affect a whole insurance plan, such as whether certain people are eligible to receive claims or not—decisions which only a manager could make at any traditional insurance company."

Production workers at IGP don't exert direct power over department and division-level policies such as long-term planning and budgeting; instead, democratic committees of elected department heads and team leaders—representatives elected from each team—make those decisions. But rank and file employees still exert extraordinary influence over department-level decisions when they want to—because, for one thing, they have the vote. They also assert their democratic power by resisting. "We resist be-

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Daniel Zwerdling last reported for New Times *on over-the-counter drugs.*

cause we know we have the *right* to resist," says Bill Tyson, a former claims examiner who was elected this year as fulltime chairman of the worker-elected congress. "When our team leader issued a policy dictating a new way to keep records of the claims we pay, without consulting us first, we just tossed his memo in the garbage and ignored it."

One of the most striking measures of the worker power and freedom at IGP is an intangible spirit, an atmosphere which feels worlds away from a traditional white-collar factory, where a mood of sullen submission hangs like a fog. Clumps of workers sit on their desks, chatting, and transistor radios scattered across the office blare disco music and rock 'n roll. A worker wearing sunglasses, bluejeans and a red stocking-cap sprawls on the conference room couch during a team meeting with the department head. Work suddenly comes to a halt one Thursday afternoon when a band of employees, who call themselves the IGP Fairy Godpeople, seize the public address system and broadcast a company-wide *bingo* game. And a new employee, hired only three months ago, tells me that she hears president Jim Gibbons is "a fanatic, a benevolent despot"—and looks surprised when I warn that I plan to quote people by name. "Quote me all you want," she says. "We can say whatever we want here."

"I always tell people," Gibbons says, "if the time comes when you're afraid to look anyone in the eye, including me, and say 'screw you,' then this community is in trouble."

When Jim Gibbons organized the worker-elected congress five years ago and told employees it would play an important role in formulating company policies, no one believed him. During the first few years, workers elected to the congress limited their deliberations to sandbox issues that they knew were safe: "We have dealt long enough with broken phones," the congress declared at a 1973 meeting.

Since then, the power of the worker congress, now called the Community Relations Assembly (CRA), has grown enormously—largely because Gibbons has prodded and pushed the representatives to grapple with fundamental corporate decisions. "Our job is to create all the 'people policies' which directly affect all the employees in the community," says chairman Bill Tyson, as the 20 CRA members straggle into the conference room for their weekly afternoon meeting. They're a representative sampling of IGP workers, most of them earning under $11,000 a year, plus a few managerial-level employees; almost all of them wear bluejeans and sportshirts.

An article in the *Washington Post* that morning reported that employees of GEICO (Government Employees Insurance Company) were filing a class action suit against their management, charging "widespread discrimination against blacks and women"—but here at IGP, 15 of the 20 CRA representatives are women and 11 are black, giving both groups even greater representation in the congress than they have in the company at large. And a few CRA members are gay—signs of the highly visible and proud gay subculture at IGP, which Gibbons estimates includes 15 percent of the employees.

With Gibbons' constant prodding, the CRA has passed company policies that workers at traditional corporations only dream about. The congress drafted the current wage scale, which fixes the highest and lowest salaries in the company at a ratio of about six to one—the usual corporate ratio is at least twenty to one or higher. And thanks to the CRA,

"If I took action on my own, I'd be accused of being a boss. If I didn't, the work wouldn't get done. I got so frustrated, I just had to resign," explains manager Clark

any worker at IGP can take up to three months continuous, paid sick leave (women get three months' maternity leave, at full pay)—while at other insurance companies employees with seven years tenure are entitled to only half that.

When a crucial financial decision comes up, the CRA usually refers it to the entire workforce for a special vote. "One of the most important votes was over how to distribute the profits," an accountant recalls. "Most of management wanted to distribute them as a percentage of the salaries. But most of the people wanted to distribute the profits equally. And they won."

One of the perpetual debates inside the CRA, and throughout the company as well, is whether the worker congress *really* exerts any power. For the CRA doesn't make the ultimate decisions on the policies it writes—first they must go before the corporate operating committee, the handful of top managers (plus the CRA chairman) who make the corporate financial and marketing decisions from week to week. That leads some employees to charge that "the CRA is just for show; we can't do nothing, really," as a CRA representative puts it.

But the history at IGP shows that isn't true. "I really can't remember a time when the operating committee has flatly defeated a CRA proposal," says chairman Tyson. When the committee has objected to CRA policies, the worker representatives and the managers have usually negotiated a compromise. And if the top managers and the CRA can't agree, the workers merely appeal their policy to the board of directors—which is half appointed by Gibbons, half elected by popular vote.

It's not the sort of board you'd read about in Forbes. "I guess Jim has wanted people like me on the board to have a sort of left wing, to keep pushing for egalitarian policies as much as possible," says James Weaver, a radical economics professor at the American University, who has served as an IGP director. Board of directors meetings, like all committee meetings at IGP, are open to any workers who want to attend. At a recent board meeting one afternoon, the directors discussed an operating deficit while rank and file workers drifted in and out of the small conference room, occasionally plopping cross-legged on the floor, sometimes calling out questions about items they didn't understand in the chief financial officer's report.

The board has earned a reputation for supporting the rank and file position when it comes to profits and wages. When the managers on the operating committee voted a few years ago to put only a small portion of the profits into the profit-sharing trust, the board voted instead to give 100 percent of the profits to the employees. And workers remember well when both the operating committee and the worker congress enraged employees by urging the board to postpone a worker-demanded wage increase, pending "further study."

"Forty of us went en masse to the board meeting and said we wanted our pay raises now," recalls claims examiner Bill Cole. "The board passed the increase that afternoon."

History teaches that revolutions are never easy, and the democratic upheaval at IGP is no exception. While Jim Gibbons promised that the "team concept" and the worker congress and management elections and all the rest of the democratic structure would "maximize humanness," IGP is beginning to suffer some of the same classic signs of

discontent that plague archetypal corporations like GM.

Employees say the company is afflicted by increasing absenteeism, as people abuse the sick leave policy and liberal hours and simply don't show up for work—although there are no statistics to prove it since IGP policy forbids keeping track of employees with "oppressive" attendance records. Turnover is high, ranging from 15 to 20 percent in the last two years. And while Gibbons has been trying to build a company that gives work meaning, some departments have been plagued by chronic, low productivity, huge backlogs and angry clients complaining about sloppy service.

"I'm so fed up with this place I don't even want to talk about it, it's so depressing," says researcher Cathy Nails as she squints into her microfilm machine. "I feel like there's this giant bubble around us," says Del Clark, one of the few employees at IGP whose salary tops $20,000 a year, "a giant bubble that's going to burst."

The workers at General Motors and other traditional corporations, the social scientists tell us, are discontent with their boredom and captivity and their crippling lack of power. But the unrest inside IGP comes from precisely the opposite: the rank and file workers here have enormous power and freedom, far more than they have ever experienced before. And neither the rank and file employees nor the managers they elect know quite how to cope with it.

"Managers are afraid and confused here because they lose the power of being the boss," says Del Clark, a former member of the corporate operating committee. Managers tell me they worry about "getting crushed" and "emasculated," and one department head says he has "horrible fears about a gang of employees running amok." And no wonder: the traditional qualities that enshrine a manager on the cover of Business Week—authoritarian control, ruthlessness, the ambitious drive to make weighty decisions on his own—mark him with leprosy at IGP.

"You can't order people around here like you do at other companies, barking 'Do this, do that, have it done tomorrow or look for another job,'" says Saul Weiner, the popular-elected director of the marketing department. "You can only persuade people here—or as Jim likes to say, inspire. If you yell and scream and pressure people you'll only antagonize them and destroy your chances for getting ahead. Why? Simple—you won't get reelected."

Yet managers see the corpses of previous managers who couldn't provide this democratic style of leadership—more than a dozen top-level managers have been ousted in the last few years—and tend to shrink from asserting any leadership at all, for fear they'll be branded as autocratic.

One victim of this peculiar managerial paralysis is Del Clark. Until recently Clark was a power at IGP, elected director of the corporation's largest single division, coordinating five departments with about 200 employees. Now he's in a nonmanagerial position doing what he calls "useless busywork." "Under Jim's philosophy I wasn't supposed to have the power to make decisions on my own, because all decisions at IGP are supposed to be made democratically, by committees," Clark told me. "I was just supposed to be a *coordinator*. But I'm telling you, it's absolutely impossible to make every decision democratically. Our committee would take three weeks trying to solve a problem I could have solved like that [he snaps his fingers] in a couple days, and we'd get 99 problems a week. "So if I took action on my own I'd be accused of being a boss. If I didn't, the work wouldn't get done and as division head I'd be blamed for it. I got so frustrated and confused," Clark said, "I just had to resign."

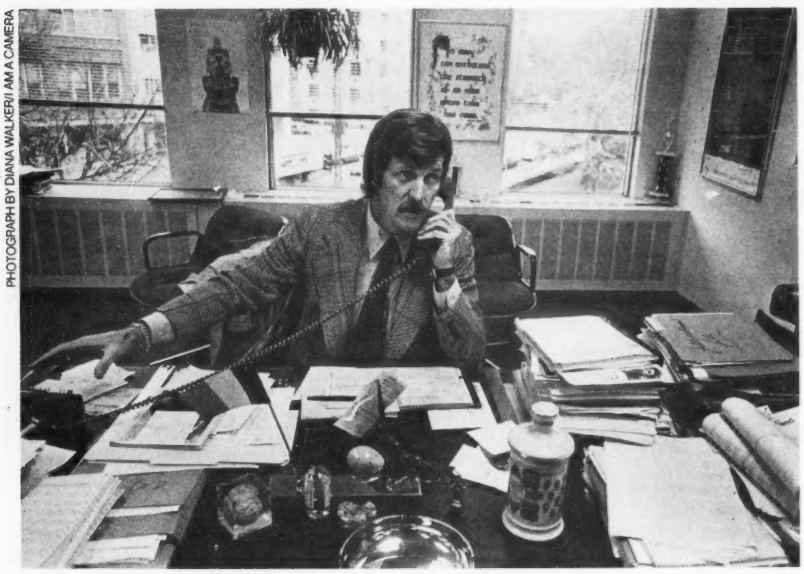
While managers like Clark feel crippled by their lack of power, the production-level employees in the mailroom and at the microfilm machines and at the typewriters feel overwhelmed by their abundance of it. Most employees here, like most of the nation's 86 million workers, came to IGP from schools and jobs where they learned to work as mindless parts in a corporate machine. Now suddenly they find themselves in a corporation whose official policy demands them to take responsibility for their own work.

"At Bell Telephone we had to raise our hands just to ask permission to go to the bathroom," says a former telephone operator who processes insurance claims for members of the National Council of Senior Citizens. "But at IGP we're supposed to do everything on our own. No one tells us anything. Maybe," she says plaintively, "maybe we're a little *too* free."

A considerable number of workers do welcome the powers and responsibilities available to them—over 40 percent of the employees have served on the CRA, or the wage and salary committee, or one of the countless other corporate committees. But they complain that participating in the corporate democracy can be so time consuming and exhausting that they can't maintain their commitment for long.

"It's grueling, really grueling being involved in this community," says Jane Suppan, a researcher in the life insurance department. "There's so much politicking, and endless meetings—I mean, you can spend your whole day in committee meetings and never see your desk. And the emotional hasslings."

Clerical workers making $9,300 tell me they lie awake at nights mulling over a new proposal before the CRA—at former jobs they would leave the office at 5 p.m. and forget about it. Or they feel so snared by their team responsibilities that they haven't taken a day's vacation



PHOTOGRAPH BY DIANA WALKER/I AM A CAMERA

President Gibbons: "I believe, I really believe that IGP can change the world."

in months. So much for liberal leave: these employees suffer the work addiction of an executive without an executive's pay.

And so the democratic decision-making structure begins to break down. Claims examiners in the military department retreat in isolation to their desks and neglect to work as a team—until they realize a huge backlog has piled up and it's too late. CRA representatives don't show up for some crucial meetings to formulate a new wage scale—"I haven't had time to do the research," one CRA member explains—and so nothing gets accomplished and the worker congress goes to sleep. The paralysis inevitably ends when Jim Gibbons—impatient, furious at the breakdown, and frantic for the system to work—plunges into the vacuum and solves the problem on his own, imposing his own solution to end the work backlog or pushing his own policy through the employee congress. And that provokes a bitter cry among the workers: "Democracy here is just a big sham, a hype, a con," researcher Cathy Nails complains. "Look, IGP is Uncle Jimmy's plantation," says Cealy Brown, a proofreader in the advertising department. "Uncle Jimmy tells us we have democracy and can do whatever we want—that is, as long as we do what *he* wants us to do."

Gibbons is the first to admit that the democracy at IGP is flawed. "There isn't one department in this community where the philosophy is even half working," he says. And he acknowledges that when he gets impatient he undercuts his own carefully nurtured democratic structure. Yet most employees at IGP agree that when democracy stumbles at IGP, the rank and file workers have no one to blame more than themselves.

"When people say the whole self-management thing is a joke, that we have no power, they're wrong," says Kurt Carr. "The mechanisms are all here, the freedom and power are all here for us to really take control and run this company the way we want. But the people don't. Why? I don't want to call it ignorance," Carr says. "Let's call it lack of education—lack of education in democracy."

"Democracy," Gibbons agrees, "is about as foreign to most Americans as an African tribal rite." When he launched his revolution inside IGP he had nothing to guide him but his books, his instinct and his zeal—there were no models in American history to use. Gibbons neglected a crucial reality: Mao needed an entire generation to reshape old values and make the revolution work, and even now the revolution is still struggling. Yet Gibbons is trying to accomplish his democratic revolution in a single company, surrounded by a society whose corporate values don't support it.

At a recent meeting of the corporate operating committee, Gibbons preached his sermon on democracy with his usual eloquence—and he is a mesmerizing speaker. He spoke of the evils of the corporate-profit motive and the desperate need to build an economic system based on people. He spoke of human yearnings for self-fulfillment and growth, justice and equality. And then he came to his final sentence. "I believe," Gibbons said, hammering each word with the intensity of an evangelist preacher, "I really believe that IGP can change the world."

Silence—until Bob Gant, elected director of data processing, began to speak. "I've heard you describe the goals of IGP democracy many times, Jim, and very eloquently," Gant began, as the rest of the managers sat in a hush, "but when it came time for me to interpret them I suddenly realized they aren't my goals at all. *You* formulated IGP's goals, Jim, and I didn't have any part in making them.

"We do bitch and complain a lot," admits Jane Suppan. "But it's like complaining about your own family. The truth is, IGP is the best thing that ever happened to me"

"Frankly, you have a pollyanish vision of business," Gant continued. "It's nice to say profit isn't the reason for our existence but you've gone too far. We had a staggering profit in life insurance recently, but we refunded most of it to the insureds. *We refunded it,*" he repeated with disbelief. "Any other company would have taken that profit as cream.

"It's no secret that with your genius and talent for business everyone of us sitting around this table could be rich, rich as hell—but you refuse to take home more than $50,000 a year, *refuse,* and the rest of our salaries are scaled down accordingly. Well," Gant said, his voice and hands trembling, "I don't know anymore that I can justify changing my family's values for the sake of working at IGP. I'm sorry. I may like belonging to a country club. IGP's goals are *your* goals, Jim," Gant said softly, "and I don't know if I'm committed to them."

Many rank and file employees at IGP are also wondering just how much democracy and equality they really want. If an extensive but unscientific company-wide survey serves as any guide, a substantial faction of employees doesn't want much decision-making power at all. Less than half the employees who responded claim they want "a lot of say" over selecting management and deciding how to organize their day-to-day tasks—and not even one third say they want "a lot of say" over hiring and firing fellow workers and deciding how the corporate profits should be spent.

"A lot of people here are mainly interested in getting their paychecks and having a fairly decent job, getting their work done and feeling secure," said Barbara Dohrn, a young team leader. "Most of all they want to feel secure. All this constant changing and experimenting makes them feel insecure and conservative. Don't misunderstand—I love this company, and I have freedoms and benefits here I wouldn't have anywhere else. And I love the comraderie. But as far as having power to affect vast changes in the company and all that stuff are concerned, I'm no longer all that interested."

"Jim's philosophy is great," commented researcher Jamie Gray shortly before he quit. "But can I *really* maximize my humanness researching 200 insurance claims every week?"

The widespread ambivalence about Gibbons' evolving democracy is taking form in a sort of conservatism spreading among the rank and file recently. A portion of the IGP population, as in any community, has always shown a conservative and elitist streak: 20 percent of the employees, many of them low-level clerks, voted *against* the remarkable minimum wage four years ago. "I resent that a mailroom clerk should make almost as much as I do," one claims examiner snaps.

But now many employees are actually suggesting the company should cut back its freedoms. Most workers, according to a survey, complain that too many people abuse the liberal leave policy. "Our team fired a dude last week who wasn't coming to work enough and doing his fair share," a mailroom clerk says angrily. "This liberal leave encourages people to rip us off." So CRA representatives have been mulling over requiring some sort of attendance records, anathema to the Gibbons spirit.

One of the company's most unu-

sual and progressive policies, which the CRA passed with Gibbons' prodding, forbids worker teams to investigate a job applicant's past by interviewing previous employers or other references—"I don't believe anybody should be penalized for their past," Gibbons says. But now employees like community trainer Derrick Dudley are advocating "heavy screening and personality checks" to make sure they hire "the right kind of people." The wrong kind includes "a lot of inner city blacks who grew up thinking they should get something for nothing," one worker says—himself black.

And employees throughout IGP are beginning to challenge whether electing managers by popular vote really makes good business sense. "The elections have become personality contests," says proofreader Cealy Brown, "and the people are getting hurt because we've elected some very nice idiots to run some of the departments. I mean, I don't think I have the knowledge to judge who might make the most competent department head," Brown says. "I could give a damn if the guy is a sonofabitch—as long as he knows how to get the job done."

Some critics also argue that, while the corporation *is* making a profit—$387,000 last year—it isn't making enough. They warn that after ten years of spectacular growth the company's income is leveling off, just at a time when industry competition is getting keener—and at a fragile time when some hefty long-term debts are coming due. They point to a recent company survey that suggests that production costs at IGP are higher than at some of the leading competitors—and argue that all the committees and democratic decision making and workplace freedoms breed inefficiency and should be curtailed.

"Let's face it, we've been running two fulltime businesses at IGP, the business of insurance and the business of social revolution," says marketing director Saul Weiner. "And the two will always be in conflict, *always*. No matter how much we say 'Here's how this company shall be run, with self-management and democratic decision making and all that,' the reality is that we have to stay in business. And so economics, not social ideals, will dictate how this business must be run."

"We're at a critical turning point in this community," Gibbons reflects over tea one afternoon, "where the experiment is up for grabs. The people here have the power to throw me out, throw out all the values I stand for, even piss on me if they want." He falls silent. "Tell me," he suddenly asks, almost pleadingly, "do you think this experiment will ever succeed?"

Paradoxically, one of the biggest obstacles to full worker control at IGP will continue to be its most vital force: Jim Gibbons himself. As long as he remains half-owner of the corporation and president, as long as people look to him as chief visionary and architect of the fledgling democracy, the rank and file employees will never be forced to manage the corporation truly by themselves. "I know I've got to go," Gibbons says, "because this experiment won't really have worked until it can function without me. I've been the most important and by far the most progressive agent for change."

But Gibbons, like so many employees at IGP, has become so absorbed in his day-to-day battles and thousand small dramas that he's lost sight of IGP's achievement: 340 rank and file workers and managers are managing a $60 million insurance corporation with a degree of freedom, democracy and equality never before achieved by a major corporation in United States history. They're earning a large enough profit to keep the corporation alive. Besides, a fat profit was never one of the democratic goals.

Gibbons dreams that his visions and goals at IGP will spread, and that other companies like IGP will begin to sprout across the American corporate landscape. The movement for workplace democracy is still small. To grow significantly it will need financial nourishment from the federal government and more benevolent despots who, like Jim Gibbons, have the vision, charisma, fanaticism—plus the capital—to make the revolution work. But the movement for self-management already has a small cadre of rank and file workers: insurance clerks who have been indoctrinated in democracy at IGP and gotten hooked on the system.

"We do bitch and complain an awful lot," says Jane Suppan, a researcher. "But it's like complaining about your own family. Deep down you really care what happens to them and love them. The truth is, IGP is the best thing that ever happened to me, so amazing that I feel trapped here. I'm trapped," Suppan says, "because I couldn't ever go back to a normal job again."

November 1976

"The community is really cracking down now and becoming more conservative," says Kurt Carr, recently selected as a department head. "But I think it's a healthy thing for democracy here in the long run. Things were getting too chaotic."

The employee congress voted to crack down on abuse of the sick leave policy by requiring workers to bring a note from their doctor, but the corporate operating committee has rejected the proposal as "too harsh and negatively written." Claims examiner Jeff Kibler has quit IGP in disgust. Manager Bob Gant has moved to another company. And the CRA and the board have voted to boost the minimum wage. Mail clerks now start at $9,450. ●

PHOTOGRAPH BY DIANA WALKER/I AM A CAMERA

Team supports and center forwards: IGP workers hire, fire, even set the pay-scale.

SKIRMISH OVER SMOKERS' RIGHTS

By Ruth Rosenbaum

Light up in the wrong place in Chicago and you'll be hauled into court and fined. Take a drag in a San Francisco ice cream parlor and sirens will squeal on you. Smoking in public places, once unquestioned, is now a hotly contested civil rights issue

Another ugly conspiracy. Cover-ups. Power-crazed officials.

My tipoff came from Strep Throat, a wealthy New York lawyer who spends his lunch hours riding elevators, flashing a lit cigar under the NO SMOKING signs. The conspirators, he told me, already control millions of Americans; their people occupy strategic positions in the federal government and in local governments all over the country. Refusing to explain further, Strep sent me to the Tobacco Institute in Washington, D.C., headquarters of the fight to stop the conspiracy.

The Tobacco Institute is the lobbying and PR voice for 11 companies that produce nearly the entire output of domestic cigarettes—some 41 brands, 145 varieties. Most of these are displayed in a large case on the wall of the institute waiting room.

"These are bad times for smokers," said assistant to the president, Bill Dwyer, shaking his head sadly as we sat down in a comfortable room decorated with awesome portraits of former champions of tobacco power. "In some parts of our country a decent, law-abiding citizen can be thrown in jail, or fined as much as $500 if he unwittingly lights up where some new law says he shouldn't. Thirty-one states now have legislation against smoking in public places.

"Now how," Bill raised his voice, "how has it happened that suddenly the great smoking public has been rendered helpless and contemptible, treated like common criminals?" (He whipped through a super collection of photocopied articles with strategic phrases underlined and pointed to the "helpless and contemptible" line in a *New York Times* column.)

"This whole antismoking trend has come about because a small band of frustrated nonsmokers can't stand to see other people enjoying themselves. 'Twas ever thus, Ruth, that where a product has the capacity to produce pleasure, there are those whose narrow-minded mentality prompts them to want to restrict that pleasure!"

Dwyer is tall, poised, commanding—an energetic speaker, skilled in the tones and rhythms of logic.

I listened for a few hours as he unfolded details of a dire plot against tobacco and the Bill of Rights.

It seems that the 1964 Surgeon General's Report, with its so-called evidence linking smoking and lung cancer, triggered a massive puritanical campaign: warnings soon appeared on cigarette packs, ads were banned from radio and TV, taxes became repressive. When all these measures did not stop people from smoking (cigarette sales increased an average of 3% each year after 1964) the descendants of Carrie Nation had to come up with a new tactic. That was, Bill said, "to make the smoker himself an object of scorn, to browbeat him, treat him like a second-class citizen, until he's forced to drop the 'filthy habit.'"

The modus operandi of "these emotional crusaders" went like this: Manufacture a new, poorly substantiated health issue—that cigarette smoke is hazardous to a *nonsmoker's* health. Support this with another misleading report by another surgeon general (Jesse Steinfeld in 1972). Brainwash thousands of nonsmokers into believing the claim, to the point where they develop suggested symptoms—sore throat, inflamed eyes, nausea, dizziness, even respiratory infections. Finally, persuade the converts to help fight for legislation to protect them against smokers.

"Ruth, the number of people who complain about smoke has mushroomed over the past few years. It has become fashionable to walk up to someone 15 feet away and say, 'Would you mind putting that cigarette out? The smoke is killing me.' Well, we're not worried that smokers will stop because of this. What does worry us is the ultimate goal of these reformers—and that's become quite clear—the prohibition of the manufacture and use of tobacco."

The groups and individuals involved are extremely powerful and, unfortunately, trusted by the public—the Public Health Service, American Cancer Society, American Lung, American Heart and American Medical associations, HEW, several important senators.

And on the civilian front, Bill said, "Many individuals seized upon the antismoking issue as a way to personal and political glory." One young lawyer, John Banzhaf, single-handedly brought about some of the antismoking legislation of the late sixties, and went on to lead the nonsmokers' rights movement. Bill calls Banzhaf self-serving and exhibitionistic, "the P.T. Barnum of the nonsmokers' rights movement." Forming ASH (Action on Smoking and Health) in 1968, Banzhaf set the trend for other acronymic societies like GASP (Group Against Smoking Pollution). FANS (Fresh Air for Non-Smokers), and the mysterious, reportedly most perverse of all, SHAME (Society to Humiliate, Aggravate, Mortify and Embarrass Smokers).

"The tobacco industry is not the rich powerful force that people imagine," Bill reminded me, lighting up a cigarette. "With only a few representatives such as myself, we're obviously weak against over 250 constituent, allied organizations telling people smoking is a disgusting, unhealthy habit." (I wondered if I should tell him about the $400 million the industry will spend this year on advertising smoking as a sophisticated, sexy pastime.)

"The problem we have goes beyond the limits of tobacco industry vs. antismoking industry. It is a question of liberty, and we ask reasonable nonsmokers as well as smokers to speak up against the rash of repressive legislation. The idea of legislating an area of personal choice—to smoke or not smoke—just because it bothers some people threatens the very foundation of individual freedom on which this country was built. Nonsmoker activism makes a mockery of the ideals of Patrick Henry and of the spirit of our Bicentennial. Once people defy the Bill of Rights on one issue, anything's fair game."

He flipped through his files, and pointed to another clip: "Today the smoker, tomorrow the onion eater."

Leaving Bill Dwyer's office, I decided to hunt down the conspirators, to find out exactly what they have in store for millions of smokers.

Traveling by bus through activist heartland, between Palo Alto and Berkeley, I spotted a militant. A young woman's head and shoulders emerged from a bluish cloud as she asked a smoker sitting in front of her if he would stop because the smoke was making her sick. This only got her a well-aimed faceful of smoke, so she badgered the bus driver to enforce the no-smoking rule. The smoker finally stopped, at the driver's request, and then beat the woman up when they got off the bus at Berkeley.

The only nonsmokers' rights group in California is GASP, probably one of the most active organizations in the country. I arranged to meet the president of the San Francisco chapter, Bruce Shourt, in one of San Francisco's few nonsmokers' haunts—Old Uncle Gaylord's Homemade Ice Cream Parlor, whose owner believes that smoke is hazardous to the taste of a sundae. (Most of the other no-smoking restaurants in San Francisco are health food/vegetarian havens.)

As soon as I sat down with Bruce, a neat, gentle-looking man about 30, he said he had something to confess.

"Nonsmoker activism makes a mockery of the ideals of Patrick Henry," says Dwyer of the Tobacco Institute. "Once people defy the Bill of Rights on one issue, anything's fair game"

"I love to pick my nose—it really relaxes me, makes me feel secure, especially after a meal. But I wouldn't pick it here, or at any other restaurant, because many people would get nauseous. You laugh—sure, it's obvious that only the most uncouth would pick their noses in public. But suppose it became popular, like spitting was at one time, and people picked in restaurants, buses, theaters, trains—flicking, letting the chips fall where they may. If you happened to be a nonpicker susceptible to germs spread by this custom, you'd have a hard time.

"That's about what the situation is for nonsmokers. The Journal of the AMA reports that there are 34 million adults in the U.S. who are clinically sensitive to tobacco smoke and who suffer from symptoms ranging from inflamed eyes, coughing, and headaches to eye and respiratory infections. For the 8 million people who have serious lung or heart ailments, a smoke-filled room is a life-threatening hazard. Add to these millions of children. . . ."

"OK, come on," I interrupted him, "how long will it take before cigarettes are off the market?"

Bruce laughed. "I bet I know who gave you that idea. It's ridiculous; no one wants to prohibit tobacco. Some of our members smoke cigarettes and marijuana. We just don't believe people should be forced to smoke against their will. . . . Some of the noxious compounds like carbon monoxide, ammonia and benzopyrene are found in greater concentration in what the nonsmoker inhales [sidestream smoke which comes from the burning tip] than in what the smoker himself inhales [mainstream smoke]." Bruce also cited experiments that indicate that the carbon monoxide (CO) level next to a smoker can rise to almost two times the maximum standard for industrial exposure and ten times the standard for outdoor air. "Since smokers develop a tolerance for CO they don't suffer the same symptoms nonsmokers do. The worst of our problems could be solved in a way that's still fair to the smoker."

He handed me a proposal for a bill for the city of San Francisco. It provided for nonsmoking sections in most public places, with 50% of the space reserved for smoking. Only tiny areas like elevators or places already covered by fire laws were to be strictly nonsmoking areas.

"You know, that bill might have passed," Bruce said sadly, "if it hadn't been for a guy by the name of Bill Dwyer. He was flown out here special delivery by the Tobacco Institute—I swear they have a spy network. No sooner was the bill up for consideration than their Bill showed up on every radio and TV station and held several press conferences, arguing the usual platform—that at worst smoke is merely an annoyance like body odor and barking dogs, that restricting smoking violates the Bicentennial, etc., etc."

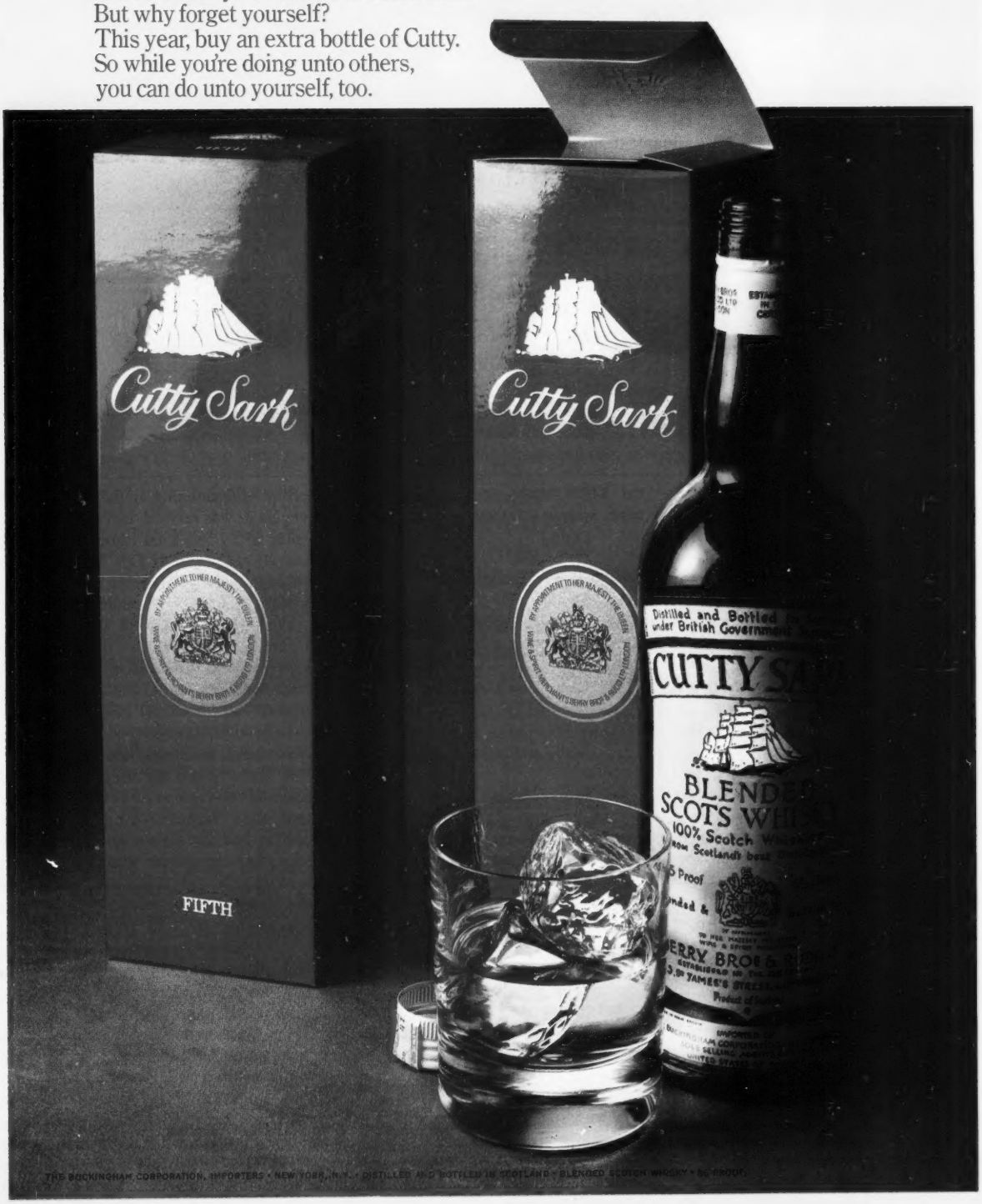
In an article from *The Tobacco Reporter* which Bruce showed me, I was surprised to read that Mr. Dwyer and another rep had made over 500 single or joint appearances on TV, radio, and at press interviews in 32 states between early '74 and early '76. The magazine described their activity as "the most successful media blitz ever launched by the tobacco industry. . . ." Four new representatives have been hired since.

"See what we're up against? In addition, a nonsmoker is shy about asking a smoker to put out a cigarette, especially if there is no sign to support him.

Ruth Rosenbaum last wrote for New Times *on food flavorings.*

Buy two: It's better to give and receive.

A gift bottle of Cutty Sark is a terrific way
to remember your friends at Christmas.
But why forget yourself?
This year, buy an extra bottle of Cutty.
So while you're doing unto others,
you can do unto yourself, too.



PHOTOGRAPH B. GETSUG-ANDERSON/PHOTO RESEARCHERS

One smoke over the line: Not everyone was pleased when Minnesota passed its law prohibiting smoking in public places.

That's the main reason why there are groups like GASP—to let people who've suffered from smoke for years know that they're not alone."

Most GASPers and unaffiliated nonsmokers seem to stick to the smoke-free issue, but a few protest other injustices they feel they suffer because of the minority who smoke. (Smokers comprise 40% of the adult population and only 25% of the total.)

A San Diego doctor suggests that since smokers have more heart attacks, strokes, emphysema, bronchitis, and cancer of the larynx, bladder, prostate and lung, and since they miss 77 million more days of work per year than nonsmokers do, they should pay a proportionally greater sum for their decreased productivity and greater use of health resources. He advises an additional 50-cent tax on cigarettes, which would go toward support of the ill and disabled (most of them would be smokers anyway).

A handful of life insurance companies across the country already penalize smokers by offering reduced rates (2%-8%) on policies for nonsmokers. One, State Mutual of America, advertises, "We've just made smoking cigarettes an even more expensive habit."

"Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

"I do."

"All right, Officer Maziarka, can you tell me where you saw the defendant, and when?"

"July 10, about 3:40 p.m., your Honor, on the el just before State and Hubbard."

"And what was she doing?"

"About 20 seconds before the train stopped she lit a cigarette."

"I did not. I lit it when I got off the train."

The Chicago Smokers' Court, Branch 95, one of the Tobacco Institute's favorite images of doom, is a small room in the Circuit Court's traffic division, borrowed every afternoon from 2:00 until whenever it takes to try people caught with a lit cigar, cigarette or pipe on the city's subways and elevated trains.

"You know you were still on the train because that's where I talked to you about it."

"Sir, my cigarette was not lit on the train."

"Defendant guilty as charged, $25 bond is taken to pay the fine, $25 suspended. . . ."

The Smokers' Court was established in July 1975 after a 1955 ordinance prohibiting smoking on most public conveyances was revised, increasing the fine from $5 to $50–$300 (though the judge usually asks for only $25). Since then, up through April 1976, about 1500 smoking violation arrests were made.

My first day at the Smokers' Court, all but one of the 34 people crowded into the room were blacks; the four following days, the racial mix remained the same. At the beginning of each session, three or four suspects were herded into the courtroom by a sheriff—they hadn't been able to post $25 bond and had to stay one or two nights in jail until their hearings. A couple of these people told me they'd just started new jobs, and no matter what, it wouldn't look good missing days already. Was this the point of the nonsmokers' rights movement?

I asked two officers (who lit up immediately after leaving the courtroom) if they felt silly arresting people for smoking.

"Absolutely not!" said one policeman enthusiastically. "Let me tell you something. You said you were from New York, right? Can you fall asleep on the trains there and wake up with everything you came with? Here you can, at any time of night or day. It used to be different, but Mayor Daley's Operation

Saturation has changed that. We have 3000 men on the trains all the time, so we may as well enforce the smoking law—it lets people know we're there—and it's a great means to get to search for drugs and guns. You wouldn't believe what we find."

"Let's face it," the other cop joined in, "without a decent transportation system, the inner city's gonna go to hell. You know—you live in New York. You've got only 240 cops on the mass transit out of 33,000."

"Just take the graffiti on your trains," the first cop began again. "It's the most atrocious thing I've ever seen. I was shocked—how did you let that happen? You're a citizen."

Dodging the issue, I asked him why so many blacks are arrested.

"It just happens that the line where we have the greatest concentration of officers runs through mainly black neighborhoods. There's no discrimination, if that's what you mean."

Mayor Daley's Smokers' Court seems to be a red herring as far as the nonsmokers' rights movement goes.

Then there is Chicago's supposedly Gestapoesque Dr. Jazz Ice Cream Parlor. When you light up, a fire siren wails, lights flash, and overhead fans whirr, all automatically activated by a smoke detector. It turned out to be just another case of ice cream liberation.

"Smoke and ice cream are incompatible," co-owner Joe Bortz told me, "and the smoke detector is an amusing, impersonal way to discourage smoking." While employees smoke in the kitchen, nonsmokers light up for the first time in their lives just to trigger the pandemonium. Despite this, the American Cancer Society insisted on awarding Mr. and Mrs. Bortz with a certificate for "outstanding contribution to community health and for outstanding service in the crusade to conquer cancer."

Walking off the plane at Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport, I braced myself for what Bill Dwyer and his colleagues said would be "the most horrendous sign pollution you've ever seen." To the left of the airport's main corridor, hardly visible through the arriving crowds, I saw the first one. Mounted on a short stand, the sign, about 3-feet square, displayed the universal no-smoking symbol (a lit cigarette, encircled, and barred by a diagonal), along with the words "SMOKING PERMITTED ONLY IN DESIGNATED AREAS, Minnesota Clean Indoor Air Act—1975 Legislative Statute."

Minnesota was the first state to fall completely into the hands of the conspirators in August 1975. (Utah has gone under since, and Michigan is scheduled for a coup next April.) Smoking is illegal in all public places and public meetings except in areas designated "smoking permitted." Violators, as Tobacco Institute rep Anne Browder tells her audiences, must pay a fine of $10-$500, or spend 1-60 days in jail.

In the airport, the corridors, baggage area and a seatless snack bar are strictly nonsmoking territory, while SMOKING PERMITTED signs cover the walls of two modern, spacious waiting lounges, carpeted, with comfortable chairs. When I asked a policeman where nonsmokers could wait, he pointed to a single narrow bench against a wall in the corridor.

The coffee shop, in keeping with the law, had a smoking and nonsmoking section, each with four long, large counters. About 15 smokers were in their quarters nearest the entrance, peacefully exercising their privilege. I sat in the nonsmoking section, nearly empty, and asked the waitress how she felt about the takeover. A smoker, she said she liked the law because she could light up without worrying that she might bother someone.

I asked the cop if he felt silly, arresting people for smoking. "Absolutely not," he replied. "It's a great means to search for drugs and guns. You wouldn't believe what we find"

"It's less tense this way—the law makes it easier on both nonsmokers and smokers who like to be considerate."

Halfway through my muffin, a woman with her husband and child sat down beside me. The woman held a cigarette shamelessly over the counter, unconcerned that there was no ashtray for her fallen ashes. Coming over to take the order, the waitress said pleasantly, "I'm sorry, but could you please sit at one of the smoking counters—there's plenty of room."

"That's all right," said the woman, "we're already settled here." Her husband nodded agreement. "We'll have two coffees, an order of French toast, and a glass of orange juice."

The waitress apologetically replied that she couldn't really serve them, that it was a state law.

"Oh, please, don't give me that"—the woman looked to me for support. When the waitress mentioned that there was a $100 fine and that she'd hate to have to call the manager, the woman got up brusquely, husband and child in tow, and stalked past about 50 available smoking seats, shouting, "It's just disgusting, depriving people of their rights like that; I'll be glad to get back to Philadelphia."

"Of course, no one ever gets fined," the waitress confided, "but I have to mention it sometimes to get people to listen."

Speaking later to the State Attorney General, I discovered that, contrary to the Tobacco Institute claims, the absolute maximum penalty is $100, and no one can be sent to jail in Minnesota for smoking. (Only a few fines have been issued since the law went into effect—$10 to a few well-warned spectators at Minnesota University basketball games and $10 to a recidivist in a department store).

If citizens complain, restaurant owners are held to the law by the local Board of Health. But there are few complaints, and many nonsmoking sections consist of tables back by the restrooms.

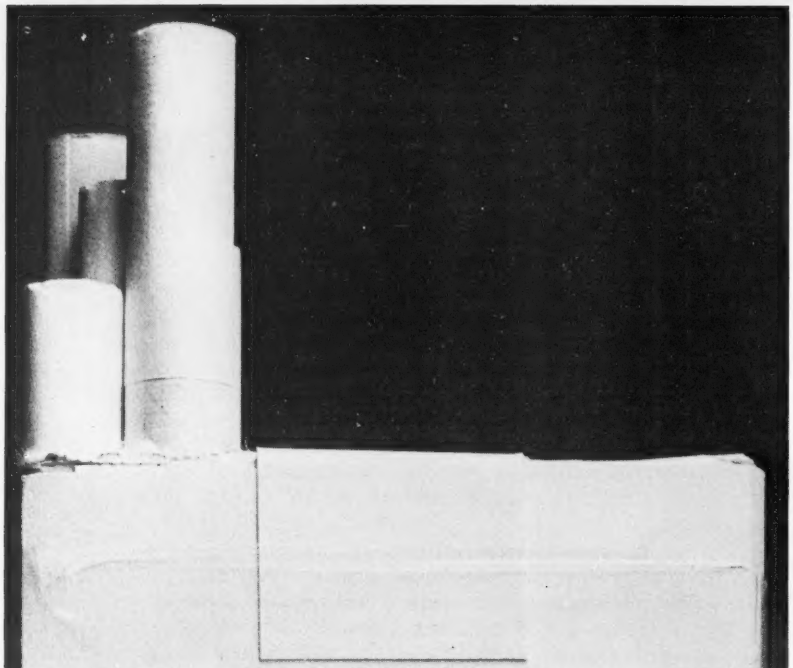
The idea for the Clean Indoor Air Act came from the president of Minnesota's ANSR (Association for Non-Smokers' Rights), which is housed and sponsored by the American Lung Association. (Lung associations seem to capitalize on the nonsmokers' rights movement to further their own campaign to get people to quit smoking. Like the American Cancer Society giving a cancer-fighting award to an ice cream purist, they seem more concerned with making smoking socially unacceptable than with fresh air for nonsmokers. Legitimate nonsmokers' rights groups like ANSR and GASP are probably all somewhat infiltrated by antismoking forces, partly justifying the tobacco industry's paranoia.)

Since I'd seen several smokers nonchalantly crossing over borderlines in banks, lobbies, restaurants, the airport corridor, I asked the president of ANSR what he was going to do to get more teeth in the law. He said he was pleased with the way things were going.

"We want to go slowly with this thing; we're not dealing with burglars or murderers."

Next I sought out SHAME, the Minneapolis-based group denounced in the tobacco industry's media speeches.

The only trace of SHAME I could find was its founder, Will Jones, a col-



How To Tell if You're a Smoker or a Nonsmoker

Most people accept the idea that smoking is a contributing cause of lung cancer and believe that stopping smoking will reduce the risk for cancer and other major diseases. But a theory supported by a few scientists, and quoted by tobacco spokesmen at every opportunity, claims that smokers differ genetically from nonsmokers, and that it is this genetic difference that predisposes them to all sorts of diseases as well as to "an irresistible craving for tobacco." An English physician, one of the original proponents of the theory, says, "Compulsive smoking should perhaps be regarded as one of a range of genetically related diseases."

Now, what about the person who smokes for 50 years, then stops for 10, thereby reducing his lung cancer risk to that of the lifelong nonsmoker? Simple—in his genes, he was always a nonsmoker. And a nonsmoker who gets lung cancer? A repressed smoker for sure.

To find out whether you're a smoker or a nonsmoker, answer the following questions, then check below for your identity. (I devised the questionnaire from the results of studies and surveys conducted by Dr. H. J. Eysenck, Professor at the London Institute of Psychiatry, and a 20-year study on the behavioral differences between smokers and nonsmokers, attributed to Tufts University by *The Tobacco Reporter*).

In each case circle "a" or "b" according to what best describes you:

1)	a. Hard-working, diligent	b. Impulsive, adventurous
2)	a. Prefer candies, cakes, other sweets	b. Prefer salty, spicy foods
3)	a. Prefer extra- and/or premarital sex	b. Prefer not
4)	a. Drink lots of coffee	b. Drink moderate amounts
5)	a. Excel in academics	b. Not a scholar
6)	a. Been involved in driving accidents	b. Consistently safe driver
7)	a. Have trouble expressing feelings, introverted	b. Outspoken, extroverted
8)	a. Divorced, widowed	b. Single or securely married
9)	a. Do what you're told	b. Defy authority
10)	a. Long and lean	b. Short and stocky (does not exclude being muscular and athletic)
11)	a. Leave big tips	b. Tip just enough

Answers: If you've circled (in order from 1–11) b,b,a,a,b,a,b,a,b,b,a, you're a 100% smoker—more than two packs a day. The more you stray from this pattern, the less you smoke. Stray more than five times—you're a nonsmoker.

umnist for the *Minneapolis Tribune*.

"SHAME? Oh yes—God, that was a long time ago—1964, I guess. It was never really an organization, just something I made up in my column—and about 200 people wrote in declaring themselves members."

Mr. Jones claims he suffers terribly from smoke, and the SHAME article appeared the day after he had to review a particularly smoky restaurant. I asked him about a statement attributed to him, supposedly the motto of SHAME: "If someone smokes and gets cancer, we say, 'Good, there goes another one.'"

"Oh, my goodness—you know why I wrote that? Because I'm sick of people telling me that I want them to stop smoking to protect *their* health. I don't care if people smoke, as long as it's not costing me a $10 dinner and a bottle of Bufferin." (Mrs. Jones is a heavy smoker, but "she leads her smoking life" in a private studio at the back of their house.) Though Will has nothing to do with any nonsmokers' rights group, he admits to extremist acts (self-defense, he calls them)—like throwing wadded napkins at arrogant smokers in restaurants, blowing out matches with an air gun, and, after uncalled-for aggression from a cigar smoker at the *Tribune*, urinating in his ashtray overnight.

After questioning Mr. Jones, I was sure that no nationwide network of napkin wadders and ashtray wetters exists. Jones is a maverick, like the few other lone guerrillas I learned about later—a Philadelphia woman who carries a tiny electric, battery-powered fan to blow smoke back into the smoker's face, a Californian who stalks unrelenting smokers with a water pistol, and an inventor of a spray which reacts with nicotine, causing all exposed smokers to become nauseous.

Smokers actually have more to fear within the privacy of their own homes than they do from strangers in public places. In homes throughout the country, cigarettes are being hidden, crushed, shredded and flushed by pint-sized militants who either fear for their parents' health or see the smoking issue as a means of control, or both. One smoker in Michigan who likes to keep her house especially clean told me her son dumps her ashes into the floor and grinds them into the carpet every chance he gets. If she scolds him, even sparingly, he becomes teary and insists he's doing it for her own good.

Oddly enough, smoking and nonsmoking groups often use the same reports to prove their arguments. The re-

ports sent by the tobacco people had a few key half-phrases underlined which, taken together, indicated that there is no potential harm to nonsmokers from exposure to tobacco smoke, and that the burning eyes and headaches are psychosomatic.

A report by two Harvard scientists is referred to by Tobacco Institute reps in almost all of their speeches. It demonstrates, they say, that "you would have to sit in a smoky cocktail lounge for 100 hours to inhale the equivalent of one filter cigarette." But at the end of the report, I noticed the authors make it clear that their study refers only to the particulate matter phase of tobacco smoke and not to the gaseous phase which makes up 70% of sidestream smoke. The authors suggest further studies. (One told me that he has cautioned the Tobacco Institute not to misquote the study, and also denied the institute's allegations that the Massachusetts Lung Association withdrew sponsorship of the study when they saw the results.)

While much of the evidence presented by the opposition made sense, some of it was rather difficult to relate to actual situations encountered by nonsmokers in everyday life—to appreciate the levels of discomfort of a few of them you'd have to have ridden in a Volkswagen with six elephants smoking cigars and all the windows up.

Both sides agree that inhaling "secondhand smoke" does not cause lung cancer in nonsmokers, but beyond that, a semantic gap makes further agreement impossible. It seems as if the tobacco interests' definition of health hazard is something that makes you drop dead on the spot from lung cancer or angina pectoris, while all lesser symptoms are cataloged under "minor annoyance" or "nuisance," along with the noise of a barking dog or the odor of an onion eater's breath.

But in the 1970s some federal agencies formally recognized different degrees of annoyance and ruled in favor of protecting nonsmokers from the "serious nuisance" created by smoking on various forms of public transportation.

In 1971 the Interstate Commerce Commission (ICC), responding to a petition from tobacco industry foe John H. Banzhaf III, declared secondhand smoke to be an "extreme irritant to humans, particularly with respect to its effect upon eyes and breathing . . ." and judged it "capable of adversely affecting the adequacy and availability" of interstate passenger carrier service. The ICC then limited smoking on interstate buses to the rear five rows and strengthened its regulations regarding nonsmoking areas on trains. (When the National Association of Motor Bus Owners appealed the "rear of the bus" ruling, John Banzhaf argued and won.) Recently the ICC, at Banzhaf's suggestion, prohibited smoking in Amtrak dining cars.

Based on reasoning similar to the ICC's—that the privilege of smoking must yield when in conflict with the right to "be relieved of the annoyance and discomfort caused by smoke"—and after petitions from John Banzhaf, the Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB) effected a ruling in July 1973 that required all carriers to provide nonsmoking sections. The ruling clearly states that all persons requesting a seat in a nonsmoking section *must* be accommodated, which means, according to all of the CAB officials I spoke to, that the nonsmoking section should be expanded if necessary, and smokers within the new nonsmoking rows asked to refrain. (The price of an airline's failure to comply was set at $1,000.)

One Philadelphia woman carries a tiny electric fan to blow smoke back into the smoker's face. A Californian stalks smokers with a water pistol

When reports got back to ASH that many flight attendants (some 90% of whom are smokers) were refusing passengers nonsmoking seats when the plane was crowded, and were allowing smokers to indulge themselves in nonsmoking rows, John Banzhaf began filing complaints with the CAB on behalf of abused travelers. Results: Allegheny Airlines, the worst offender, recently paid an $8,000 fine (lenient, considering there were about 30 legitimate complaints) and agreed to a detailed program that would insure enforcement of the ruling. Braniff, Continental, Eastern, National, Northwest Orient, Pan Am and United Airlines are now on probation. The latest Banzhaf-ASH petition being considered by the CAB calls for a total ban on cigars and pipes.

"Personally, I'm not bothered by tobacco smoke," John Banzhaf told me in his Georgetown University office (which doubles as ASH headquarters). "But I'm concerned about the millions of people who are severely irritated by it. Some people have given up eating out, going to theaters, concerts, because of smoke. I think they should at least be guaranteed public transportation and a workplace which doesn't make them ill."

Mr. Banzhaf left a prestigious job with a Park Avenue law firm several years ago so that he could devote himself to law as a means of social change rather than arguing cases for large corporations.

"I was in no position to take on polluting industries, or further civil rights," he explained, "so I did what I could, wherever I saw there was some legal leverage."

Besides conquering millions of square feet for nonsmokers, Mr. Banzhaf has initiated a consciousness-raising process in people who may have suffered from smoke for years but never dared to say anything because of the social status smoking has. Now, when speaking up courteously doesn't work (though the Tobacco Institute says it will) some of these people are taking their grievances to court, and judges are ruling that smoke can be harmful to the health of a nonsmoker.

Recently a New Jersey Superior Court judge ordered New Jersey Bell Telephone to prohibit smoking in the office where Mrs. Donna Shimp works. She has a diagnosed allergy to smoke and suffers nausea, vomiting and eye irritation after prolonged daily exposure.

In L.A., a school district employee was recently awarded unemployment insurance after he quit his job because he sat between a cigar smoker and a cigarette smoker. He declared that he was "a nonconsenting victim of their smoke," and that it aggravated his bronchial condition.

While nonsmoker libbers would be happy with a few more seats reserved for them, health associations, encouraged by a recent HEW survey (showing that 51% of smokers and 80% of nonsmokers would like smoking to be restricted in more public places) are eyeing another potential of the trend. Their hope is that no-smoking sections will make smokers feel unwanted and out-of-place, and will encourage them to quit.

The tobacco industry's best recourse might be to run with the trend and foil the health groups' plan to degrade smoking. Without comprising the rugged handsomeness or suggestive décolletage of the ad models, cigarette companies could make smoking synonymous with good citizenship and respect for authority as in I ENJOY THE BOX, BUT ONLY IN DESIGNATED AREAS.●

Continued from page 37

fight. Didn't, in fact, write a word. Merely came home, depressed and delirious from malaria.

Wenner, though, still had hopes. *Fear and Loathing: on the Campaign Trail* had worked once; there was no reason why it could not work again. He flew to Aspen with a book contract, giving Thompson a $75,000 advance against a '76 version of *Fear and Loathing: on the Campaign Trail*. Everything seemed to have been worked out between them. Then, Wenner returned to San Francisco. Silence. Hunter waited for the check to arrive in the mail. A week passed. Nothing. Then another week. Finally, he called Wenner, who casually informed him that he had decided to fold the book company, but had not gotten around to informing Hunter. So there would be no book. And no advance. Hunter was bouncing off the walls.

This was the end. He would not deal with that rat-fucker again. And, for months, he didn't, ignoring the letters and the phone calls that kept coming. Then, early one evening in March 1975, Hunter was watching a nightmarish film of the evacuation of Da Nang on the evening news. The phone rang, and Hunter picked it up. It was Wenner, saying, "How would you like to go to Vietnam?" Hunter couldn't resist. The collapse of the American empire was a happening tailor-made for his talents. Within days, he was heading out over the Pacific.

He arrived in Saigon hours after Thieu's palace had been bombed and staffed by his own Air Force. For a man who lived with the conviction that the world was going to end next Monday, this was an especially ominous portent. Thompson had the sense of "walking into a death camp." This was it. He would never get out alive. As it turned out, the fate that was in store for him was even worse. Thompson discovered that, even as he was on his way to Vietnam, Wenner had taken him off retainer—in effect, fired him—and with the retainer went his staff benefits, including health and life insurance.

The cable Thompson fired off to San Francisco contained some of his most creative writing in months. "Your most recent emission of lunatic, greed-crazed instructions to me was good for a lot of laughs here in Saigon," he began. "The only round-eyes left to evacuate from Saigon now are the several hundred press people who are now trying to arrange for their own evacuation after the U.S. embassy pulls out with the last of the fixed-wing fleet and leaves the press here on their own. Needless to say, if that scenario develops it will involve a very high personal risk factor and also big green on the barrelhead for anyone who stays; and unless the one-thirties start hitting Saigon before Saturday, that is the outlook." He closed bitterly: "I want to thank you for all the help." The reply from Wenner was in character: "My many years of experience in war coverage and running military press corps, involvement in revolutions and general talent for blitzkrieg action tells me that you should make your own decision as to when to leave Saigon for a safe zone." Wenner added that no more money would be forthcoming, and advised Hunter to come home.

Hunter brooded, debating what to do. He desperately wanted to be on hand for the apocalypse. He had already envisioned the scene: he and General Giap riding into Saigon on the lead tank, Hunter drinking a beer and waving to the cheering throngs. But he was worried. For some reason, the NLF spokesman, whose favor Hunter had sought to curry, was giving off a lot of bad vibes. At every press briefing, he warned what would happen to "bogus journalists" when the revolution came to power, and, when he used the phrase, he seemed to stare right at Hunter. On the other hand, he'd be damned if he'd let the marines take him

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LIEBOVITZ/ROLLING STONE

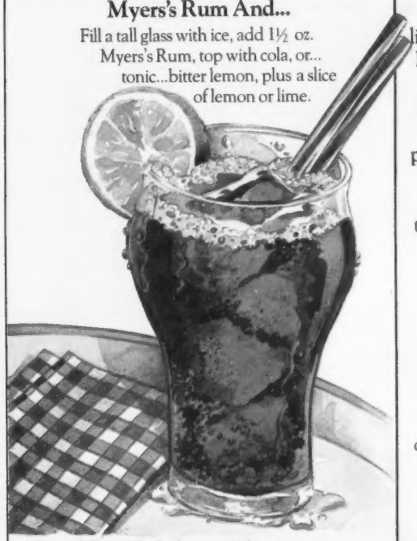
PHOTOGRAPH BY MAX HELLWEG/ROLLING STONE

The doctor's not in: *With Thompson gone, Wenner put David Weir and Howard Kohn (bottom) on Patty Hearst's trail, for a story that worked brilliantly, and sent John Dean (top, with editor Scanlon) to the Republican convention for a story that did not.*

BRIGHTEN UP YOUR HOLIDAYS WITH MYERS'S DARK RUM.

Myers's Rum And...

Fill a tall glass with ice, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum, top with cola, or... tonic...bitter lemon, plus a slice of lemon or lime.



Myers's dark rum will bring a special light and sparkle to all your holiday festivities. Because Myers's is rich, deep Jamaican rum. Made slowly, in small batches, Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. Myers's will add extra punch to your punch. A special sizzle to a rum swizzle. And a delicious dash to your cakes and desserts. So if you like the taste of rum, serve the rum you can taste. Light up your holidays with Myers's dark rum.

Myers's Rum Punch.

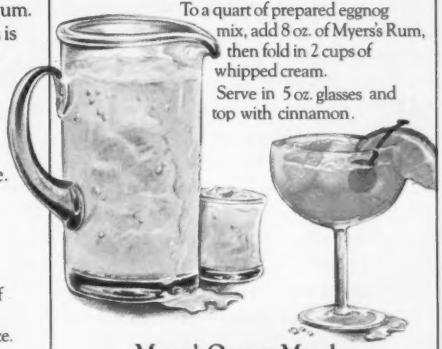
Serves 15-20

Into a large punch bowl place: 1½ fifths of Myers's Rum, 6 oz. pineapple juice, 10 oz. orange juice, 10 oz. lemon or lime juice. Let mixture steep for 1 hour. Before serving, add 1½ quarts of ginger ale or club soda and decorate with lemon or lime slices and strawberries. Place a cake of ice or several trays of cubes in the punch and serve.

Myers's Jamaican Eggnog.

Serves 8

To a quart of prepared eggnog mix, add 8 oz. of Myers's Rum, then fold in 2 cups of whipped cream. Serve in 5 oz. glasses and top with cinnamon.



Myers's Orange Mambo.

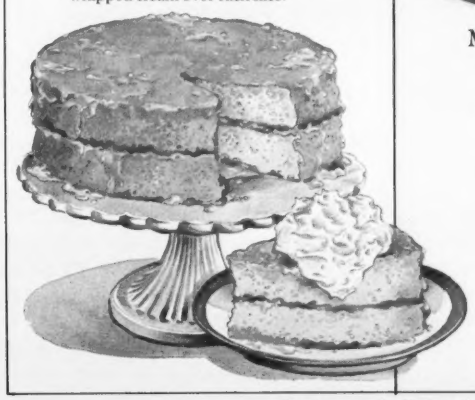
A punch-type drink that easily serves 5 people.

Stir into a pitcher of ice cubes:
1—6 oz. can concentrated frozen orange juice
2—6 oz. cans of water (use the juice can)
6 oz. of Myers's Rum.

Myers's Baba au Rhum.

Serves 6 to 8

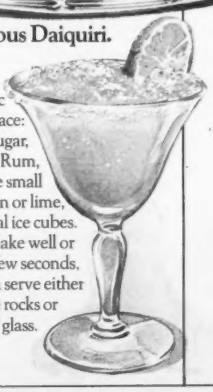
Build two layers of store-bought sponge cakes and top it with this sauce: Combine ½ cup water and ½ cup sugar, boil and cook for 1 minute. Add ½ cup Myers's Rum. Pour ⅔ of the mixture over the cake immediately. Let soak in. To remaining sauce, stir in until dissolved, 2 tblsps. apple or quince jelly. Before serving, pour the remaining sauce over cake and serve with a dollop of whipped cream over each slice.



Myers's Delicious Daiquiri.

Serves 1

Into a cocktail shaker or electric blender, place: 1 tsp. sugar, 1½ oz. Myers's Rum, juice of one small lemon or lime, several ice cubes. Shake well or blend for a few seconds, then serve either over the rocks or in a cocktail glass.



For a free recipe booklet write: Seagram Distillers Co., 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. 80 Proof.

out. How could he live with it? *Saigon fell today and Hunter Thompson's ass was saved by the United States Marines. . . .* Never. Finally, he made up his mind. He got on the plane and headed for Laos, hoping to hook up with the conquerors there. Two days later Saigon fell. Hunter was stranded.

The resulting dispatch ran only two pages in *Rolling Stone*, by Hunter's standards a virtual note. "The paper in my notebook is limp," he reported, "and the blue and white tiles of my floor are so slick with humidity that not even these white-canvas, rubber-soled basketball shoes can provide enough real traction for me to pace back and forth in the classic, high-speed style of a man caving into The Fear." It had finally happened. The mad Prince of Gonzo had met Fear and Loathing face-to-face, and it scared the hell out of him.

His friends had trouble reaching Hunter when he returned home from Saigon. He holed up in Colorado, and seldom answered the phone. Rumors drifted back to San Francisco. Cocaine, which Hunter had long scorned as a "drug for fruits," had gotten the best of him, one story went. Another had it that he had finally embarked on the Big Novel everyone knew was in him, eating at him, raging to get out. Neither was true. Hunter was merely furious at Wenner. But he would be back. Everyone at *Rolling Stone* seemed sure of that. Nothing could hold Hunter down for long.

And, briefly, he did come back, early this summer, for one, final, flailing thrust at his old enemy, the demon of American politics. But it was as a different Hunter Thompson, a pale shadow of the mad-dog prince who once stalked the pages of *Rolling Stone*. The piece he wrote was, as always, rambling and disconnected, and, here and there, one spotted flashes of the Thompson fire (on Hubert Humphrey: "that rotten, truthless old freak . . . this *monster*, this shameful electrified corpse"). But the crazy coherence that swept a reader into Hunter's own private vision of hell was absent. Something, definitely, had changed, and nowhere was it more apparent than in Thompson's subject: a virtual endorsement of the messianic peanut farmer, Jimmy Carter.

It was a curious article, especially by Thompson's standards. He mentioned, almost parenthetically, that he had spent six hours talking to Carter, and that all of their conversation was on tape. Yet not one word was quoted. Instead, Thompson focused on a single Carter speech, an address he had delivered on Law Day to the Georgia State Bar Association—"this king hell bastard of a speech," Thompson called it. That speech alone—"laced with some of the most original brilliant political metaphors anybody will ever be likely to hear"—had, Thompson said, made him a Carter convert, and, what was more, "would convert on the spot anyone that heard it." Strangely, though, Thompson did not quote a single word from this "rare piece of oratorical art work." Rather, he speculated on the identity of the mysterious "Castrato," who, according to Thompson, was then terrorizing Florida by kidnapping and castrating dogs. Reading Thompson's article, *More* magazine speculated that the real victim of castration was Hunter Thompson himself, his balls cut off by Jimmy Carter's artful references to Bob Dylan. Even so gentle a soul as George McGovern kidded Thompson about being suckered. The only part of the article he agreed with, McGovern wrote Thompson, was "the Fear and the Loathing."

The truth was that Hunter hadn't wanted to write the Carter piece at all. He was in Austin, Texas, at work researching a novel, and composing a farewell to political reporting, when he received a panicky phone call from Marianne Partridge, telling him that the magazine was without a cover, and that they desperately needed a Carter story. So Thompson turned to, on the condition that Felton would blend Thompson's farewell to politics with fresh Carter material that Thompson would write.

There was no time to transcribe his Carter tapes, so the guts of the piece were missing from the start. As for the Law Day speech, that was set in type, then killed at the last moment for space. But what angered Thompson the most was the cover line: "An Endorsement, with Fear & Loathing." Hunter Thompson didn't endorse politicians. That was something Jann Wenner did, and, indeed, as Thompson's piece was on the press, Wenner, who until that moment had been, in Thompson's words, "a stoned Jerry Brown freak," issued a press release, announcing that *Rolling Stone* was throwing its weight behind Carter (who, in any case, had already clinched the nomination).

The press release went unreported by any major media, but it caused consternation among Wenner's own staff. There were meetings and muttered threats of strike (Thompson, in fact, had previously tried to organize the staff for just such a purpose during one of his periodic attempts at revenge with Wenner, but the staff had refused to join). Finally, the staff settled for a petition, telling Wenner not to endorse candidates again, at least not without informing them in advance.

Endorsing candidates was nothing new for Wenner. He had previously been heavily involved in the William Roth campaign for governor and Tom Hayden's try for the United States Senate—and come up a loser on both occasions. That bothered him. "We're not going with losers anymore," he said to Jerry Rubin shortly after the Hayden defeat and shortly before he endorsed Carter, a man with all the signs of being a winner.

He liked being with winners, whatever their field. He courted them, paid them obeisance, and, in the case of a recent photo essay by Richard Avedon on "The Family 1976," turned over his entire magazine to recording their portraits. The Avedon issue was noteworthy in a number of respects. It demonstrated once again Wenner's unerring instincts for class. When he wanted pictures, he went to the very best. And, by hiring Avedon (for a fee of $25,000), he demonstrated that *Rolling Stone* could now afford to pay for it. According to his contract, Avedon had control over the entire picture essay, including the choice of the subjects. But Wenner could not resist making suggestions. What about John Denver, he wanted to know. It seemed a curious choice for an editor of a magazine that based its excellence on music coverage, but then again, Wenner was not that familiar with some of the people Avedon himself was selecting. Andy Young drew a blank, as did Earl Butz, an ironic lapse since, by the time the Avedon issue hit the stands, *Rolling Stone* itself had been partly responsible for Butz's political demise. The final irony was that Avedon's picture gallery included not a single person under 30.

It was strange company for the likes of Dr. Thompson. When he went back to Colorado this time, it was apparently for good. He had his novel to work on, and, when that was finished, well, then he might find another magazine to work on—a magazine like *Rolling Stone* had been, but was no longer. Hunter Thompson was through with *Rolling Stone* and Jann Wenner. Jann, he said, could continue to threaten him—"option Z," Wenner called it: the ultimate lawsuit—but it would do him no good. "Let him try to sue me," Hunter said recently. "He'll have to come here. I'll tie him up for years. When his lawyer leaves the courtroom, I'll have him arrested for speeding, no matter how fast he's going. When he goes back to his motel room at night, I'll have him busted for weed. I

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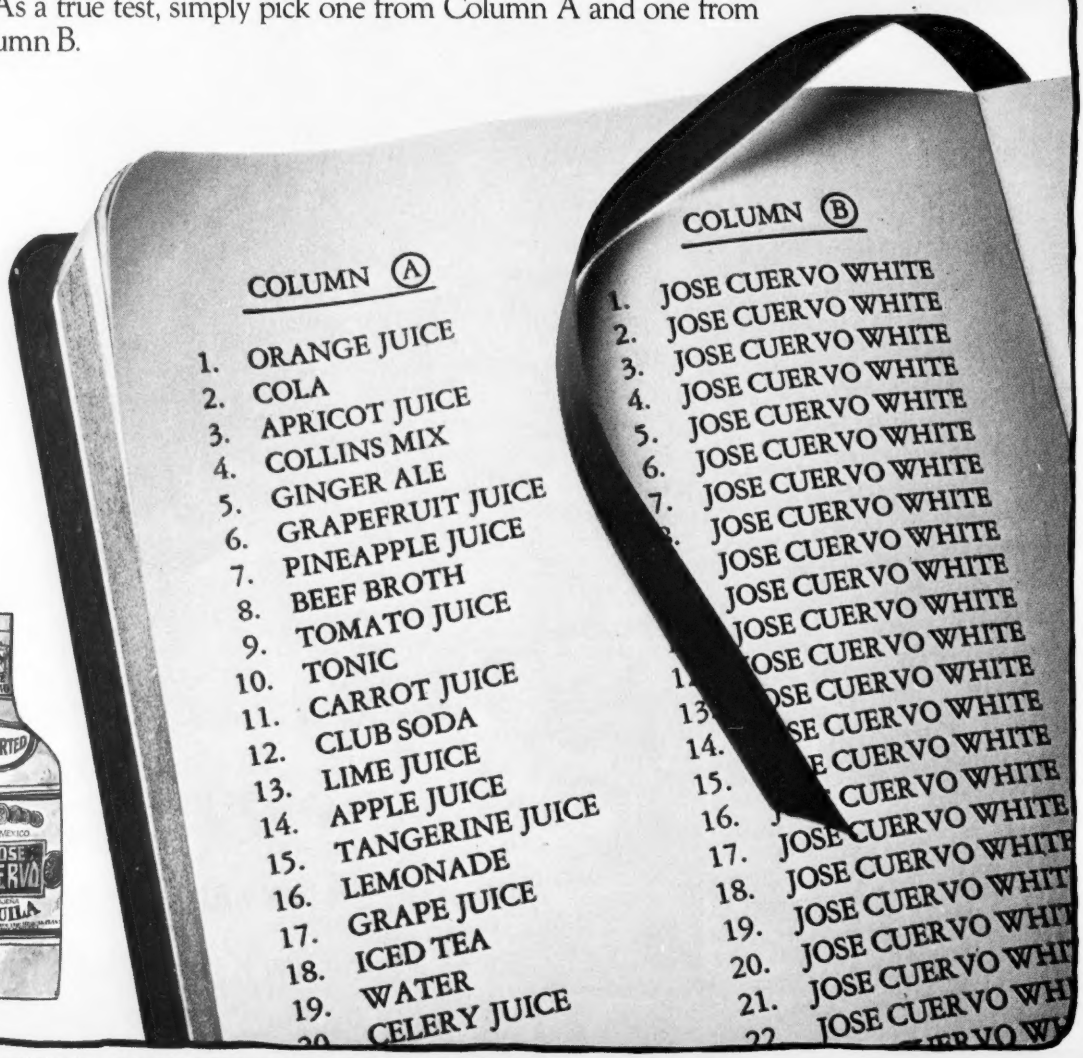
The Teachings of Jose Cuervo.

(as excerpted from Chapter 27 of The Book.)

Yes, Chapter 27, wherein it says that Jose Cuervo is not only the original, since 1795, supreme, premium, ultimate white tequila. But, goes on to say that Jose Cuervo, as the ultimate, is also the ultimate mixer.

As a true test, simply pick one from Column A and one from Column B.



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won't give up. It will go on and on. Five years it will go on, and then I'll settle with him for six dollars." Thompson mentioned the writers he knew, who would, he said, "cut off Wenner's arm with a machete and eat it—make *him* eat it—if they thought they could get away with it." There were other plots, equally nefarious. Yes, Hunter would have his revenge. But the passion had drained out of him. Wenner had worn him out—"burned him out," some of his friends said. Jann was no longer "the rotten little dwarf." Those words would have required too much caring. Now, he was "Iago," the treacherous friend who had betrayed the Black Prince.

The loss of Thompson once again put Wenner in a dilemma. While there were other writers who could cover politics competently, and, in the case of Klein and Crouse, often ingeniously, the cold reality was that their work did not sell. Journalists would marvel at a Crouse dissection of Daniel Patrick Moynihan, or a Klein profile of steelworker Ed Sadlowski, but commercially they were an extravagance. He needed desperately to replace Thompson's celebrity, and so he turned to celebrities themselves. Thus Truman Capote was commissioned to cover the Rolling Stones' tour of America, and, when Truman blew the assignment, Andy Warhol was hired to interview Truman. The conversation that resulted, according to one critic, was a "monumental banality."

At least Warhol delivered. That was not always the case with Wenner's superstars, such as Norman Mailer, who set out to investigate the CIA for *Rolling Stone*, then, when the piece was finished, sold it to Wenner's rival, Clay Felker, for double the rate. Such setbacks were merely temporary, however, since it seemed there was an unending line of the great and near-great who wanted to appear in *Rolling Stone*. If the name were sufficiently well-known, Wenner sometimes bent his own editorial standards. Playwright Lillian Hellman, for instance, shopped a recent article on Rosalynn Carter to several magazines, all of which rejected it, before it wound up in the pages of *Rolling Stone*. And then, of course, there was John Dean. Who else but Wenner would have had the inspiration, the sheer audacity, to send that most famous felon to cover the goings-on of his former colleagues in Kansas City—or the luck to have Earl Butz utter his now-famous views on the alleged proclivities of blacks to the selfsame Mr. Dean during a chance meeting on an airplane.

But what were they doing in *Rolling Stone*? What did Lillian Hellman and John Dean have to say to the youth culture? The critics had begun to parody *Rolling Stone—Rolling Drone*, as one Colorado publication put it—and its editor, "Yawn Winner," as the *National Lampoon* called him. That wouldn't have happened a few years before, and Jann knew it better than anyone. He was working now as hard or harder than he had ever worked: the tension was such he wanted to drive a pencil through his hand. The *Washington Post* quoted Dylan's "Ballad of a Thin Man" in a profile of *Rolling Stone*: "Something is happening but you don't know what it is/ Do you, Mr. Jones." The irony was savage. "Mr. Jones" was the pen name Jann Wenner had used for his *Daily Cal* column. *Something was happening . . . what was the answer?*

Wenner's editors worried over the problem, and jokingly suggested that New York was to blame. Jann, they said, was going through his New York period, rubbing shoulders with the heavies, enjoying his celebrity, and, in the process, forgetting who he was. And it was true—truer, in fact, than they believed.

"The presses roll at noon," wrote Hunter under the pressure of another deadline. "The room reeks of failure once again"

He had always liked New York (the city of his birth), liked it especially for what it did for him. As one of his friends explained: "Jann has got the hang-ups of every bright Jewish kid. He wants to make it. He wants to go into a party or a restaurant, and have people say, 'Isn't that Jann Wenner?' That never happened in San Francisco. He was just a local kid here. The city is a funny place. It doesn't take its celebrities all that seriously. He'd walk into the Washington Square Bar and Grill alone and no one would look up. Nobody paid any attention to him. The only time he got into the papers was when Caen was making fun of him. Christ, the Sunday *Examiner* ran a picture once and said it was Wenner. Only it was somebody else. That's how much attention they paid to him." New York was different. There, Wenner was recognized. The right people had him to parties. When he walked into Elaine's, the customers noticed. It pleased him immensely.

There were other reasons for coming, of course. San Francisco had lost the magic it possessed during the "summer of love." The "San Francisco sound" no longer dominated rock and roll. Los Angeles was now the rock capital of the world. Even Muscle Shoals, Alabama, produced more music than San Francisco. The city, Wenner told friends, had become a cultural backwater: "a pleasant, dull small town."

Two years ago, Wenner bought a New York duplex and began spending more than half of his time in the city. Other changes followed. The magazine's music coverage, once the glittering star of its crown, continued to dim, especially after Jon Landau departed to produce records full time. Wenner himself no longer went to as many rock concerts as he once did. Nor did he keep such scrupulous track of what was doing well on the charts. Many weeks he even ignored what *Rolling Stone* was saying about music. "He'd tell you sometimes what a great job you had done on one of your pieces," says one of his writers, "only it was a piece you had done weeks before. And then you'd realize that he wasn't reading the goddam magazine." In 1974, Wenner admitted to a reporter that "I don't even read the fucking record section on a regular basis." It was a startling confession for an editor who once had not only read the section, but rewritten many of the reviews, so that when a writer picked up the magazine, he would sometimes be surprised to find that a record he had reviewed had suddenly taken on wonderful qualities that had altogether escaped him. And now Jann was not even reading, apparently not even caring.

Inevitably, Wenner's lack of attention began to show up in *Rolling Stone*'s pages, slowly at first, then with increasing frequency. The magazine, once so adventurous in its music tastes that Clive Davis complained that "they go out of their way to knock something that is commercial and successul simply because it is successful," became far more conservative in its reviewing. Wenner was far less willing to devote major attention, particularly a cover, to someone other than an established, bankable star.

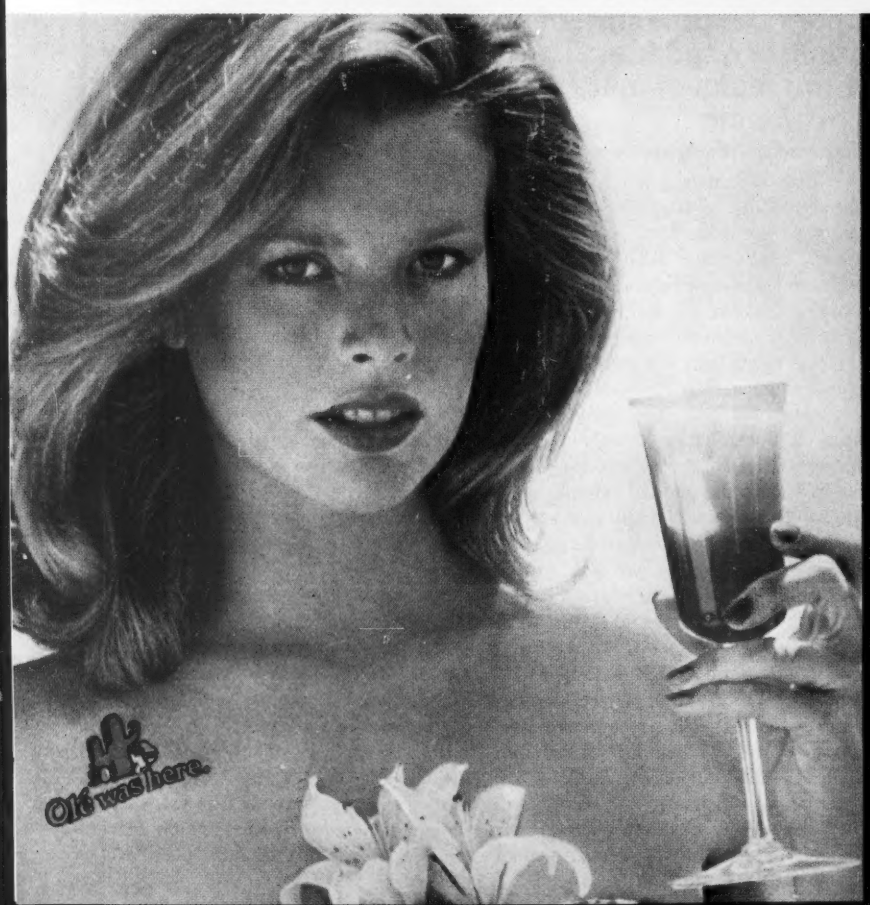
After a time, *Rolling Stone*'s music coverage, especially some of the long, usually adoring interviews and fanzene profiles, became something of a joke inside the industry, albeit a very quiet joke, since, whatever Wenner's tastes, his readers still bought records in awesome quantities. The rumblings were growing louder, however. A few of the bolder record executives, notably David Geffen of Elektra/Asylum, even with-

held ads, after being miffed with *Rolling Stone*'s coverage. Musician Buddy Miles took more direct action after one unfavorable review, appearing at the *Rolling Stone* office and demanding to see the editor. When managing editor Scanlon came out to ask if he could help, Miles proceeded to cuff him in the face. At that moment the elevator doors opened and Wenner peered out. Seeing what was happening, he closed the door and rode back down. Eventually, the police were summoned and subdued the unhappy Mr. Miles. One former *Rolling Stone* editor recalls being in the office of a Universal executive as he flipped threw the latest issue. "Bullshit, bullshit, bullshit," the executive kept mumbling, and finally threw the magazine on the floor. "Do me a favor," he asked the editor. "Keep my name out of this shit."

The executive's irritation was understandable. The stories had a predictable, metronomic quality to them: rock band forms; rock band gets busted; rock band breaks up. Meanwhile, the truly juicy news of the music industry—the growing allegations of payola and drugola—was either being ignored or picked up late, well after it had appeared in the straight press. Of the articles that did appear, a number were devoted to the struggles of sixties bands trying to make it in the seventies. The genuinely talented, if less well-known seventies bands had difficulty getting coverage at all. Wenner was impatient with much of the new music, and plainly disdainful of such recent developments as "redneck rock." He wanted covers devoted to artists who would sell the magazine, he told his editors. Most new groups didn't qualify, nor for a long time did older artists like Phoebe Snow, who was kept in limbo on grounds that she was "ugly." Snow finally made it (though in such a gauzy, soft-focus shot that, as one editor put it, "her mother would have trouble recognizing her"), but she was the exception. Indeed, Wenner was thinking of starting a new magazine called *Now*, a sort of hip *People* devoted to the exploits of established, commercial stars. "It's sort of like living in a time warp," explained one younger music writer. "It's not that Jann dislikes the new people. He just doesn't know them."

Max Palevsky called it "the ticker" in *Rolling Stone*'s future—the time bomb in the closet, that would go off the day *Rolling Stone*'s editors lost touch with their readers. And now the ticking was growing louder. *Rolling Stone*'s editors, Wenner chief among them, were growing older. Their tastes were changing. Music no longer had the hold on them it once did. They wanted to move out, experiment, try other things. "General reading," as Wenner explained it to a reporter. "You know, trying to cover America. Ideas, uh, articles like that."

The trouble was that *Rolling Stone*, in the minds of its readers (average age: 24), remained a music magazine. Every readership survey confirmed it, and so did the letters that came in each week. *Rolling Stone*'s readers could write eloquently, often angrily about the magazine's music coverage ("In his recent review of Led Zeppelin's new album, *Physical Graffiti*, Jim Miller makes a comparison that I believe is grossly unfair. He compares Led Zeppelin to Cream and that analogy simply doesn't hold water," began a typical missive). But about politics, or Jonathan Cott's sophisticated analyses of contemporary culture? Almost nothing. The staff did their best to ignore such evidence, and insisted that they were turning out a magazine to suit their tastes, and theirs alone. But it was difficult. One prominent *Rolling Stone* editor recalls attending a concert and standing in line outside the ticket window, eavesdropping on the conversation of the young people around him, all of whom appeared to be *Rolling Stone* readers. Only it was apparent from their mindless yattering that their idea of



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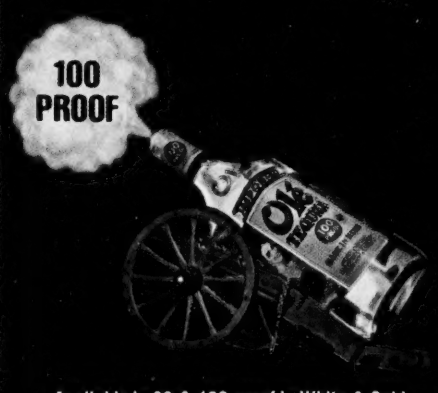

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the magazine was light years away from his. The experience, he says, left him "sick and depressed."

That was the conundrum *Rolling Stone* faced. An entire generation had passed away, and the one that had taken its place was markedly different in style, attitude and outlook. The staff could groan that New York was some kind of villain. But New York could not be blamed for the seventies. The city was merely a symbol of how much things had changed, how much they all had changed. The years had overtaken them, wherever they went. So, this September, when the inevitable became reality, and Jann formally announced what they had all been guessing—that he was moving the magazine itself to New York—there were few grumbles. By then, no one was surprised. Jann did his best to assure them. It would be the same as before, he said. The magazine would help them find apartments and they would stay tight. The family would remain intact.

Only a few sensed that, whatever Wenner said, things would be different.

To Thompson, Wenner now was "Iago," the treacherous friend who had betrayed the Black Prince

Going to New York, they had to be. *Rolling Stone* would no longer be the only publishing game in town. Inevitably, some of the staff would drift away. Already, Crouse had deserted to the *Voice* and Eszterhas had abandoned reporting for more lucrative employment as a Hollywood screenwriter. Veterans like Ben Fong-Torres and Charlie Perry, who had established homes in San Francisco, were especially reluctant to leave. Others were simply not invited. "The severance pay was very generous," one editor recounted. "Jann is always very good about things like that." She paused and added: "You know, this has been my life." And then she burst into tears.

"You want to know what I think of Charlie Kane?" Joseph Cotton says in the movie. "Well, I suppose he had some private sort of greatness. But he kept it to himself. He never gave anything away. He just left you a tip. He had a generous mind. I don't suppose anybody ever had so many opinions. That was because he had the power to express them, and Charlie lived on power and the excitement of using it."

It was funny about that movie. It was the impression Jann Wenner liked to leave on people, that he truly was Citizen Wenner. And yet he could never watch the film without becoming upset. Maybe it was the ending, or the loneliness that overtook Charles Foster Kane. Maybe the whole thing was all too true.

If he has regrets with the way it all turned out, he has never expressed them. "I'm in a hurry," he said once, as if it explained everything. Few people ever had the chance to know or like him; he was always rolling on. If some despised him—and many did—it was never completely. They would always have the ambivalence about him that Hunter Thompson felt, knowing that Wenner could do horrendous, hateful things, and beautiful, wonderful things.

He was like Kane in that way, and in the way he gathered power, sometimes, it seemed, for its own sake. He did not always use it well or wisely, and oftentimes he employed it capriciously and selfishly. But he used it for good, for talent—for "pro-life propaganda," as he called it—as often as not. It was there that he diverged from the Hearstian legend: Hearst had used his press to start a war. *Rolling Stone* had tried to stop one.

What he created, in the end, was a work of personal genius, a showcase for a generation's excellence, a forum as troubled, brilliant and contradictory as his own life—indeed as the lives of everyone who came of age in that special moment known as the sixties. He was the ultimate child of that decade, full of enthusiasm, hope and promise, convinced that the time of his youth was unique in history, that he was growing up, as he wrote in *Rolling Stone*'s 200th issue, in the midst of "the greatest mass alteration of personal consciousness since the country began."

Now everything is different. Somehow, the promise has gone unfulfilled. Somewhere, the feeling has been lost. And nothing reflects the change better, or more symbolically, than *Rolling Stone*, grown from shaggy child to razor-cut middle age. Jann Wenner didn't sell out. He merely moved. Not to another city. But to a different time.

That is how they came to be standing there, Jann and Hunter, that night of the Carter party in New York with the heavies cheering outside. Hunter already knew it. He had written about what had happened in his last piece for *Rolling Stone*. There was a line he had quoted from Herbert Matthews, talking about the Spanish Civil War, and it said it all. "In those years we lived our best, and what has come after and what there is to come can never carry us to those heights again." ●

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Movies

Rocky and the horror show

By Richard Corliss

A friend of mine recently laid down an impromptu axiom: "We remember the beginnings of novels and the endings of movies." Most people, he said, know the first sentence of *Remembrance of Things Past* ("For a long time, I used to go to bed early"), but how many of us recall how—or even if—the novel ends? Movies are something else. Bogart walks into the Casablanca mist with Claude Rains; the Rosebud flames dissolve into a long last shot of Citizen Kane's fortress; Garbo's Camille goes into her dying fall; the *Children of Paradise* crowd swallows up Jean-Louis Barrault as he runs after his love; *The Seventh Seal*'s condemned are led in a final dance of death. These and dozens of other fade-outs can be found in every moviegoer's memory book, and most of us remember them more clearly than we do our first kiss.

We're talking about *old* movies here, the ones with a beginning, a middle and an end—in that order. The traditional narrative structure kept movies *moving*, like express trains on the smoothest of rails. Too often, we could predict the destination (Clinch City). But often enough we savored the ride, and remembered the clinch. Nowadays, filmmakers are more interested in being cool, ironic, self-referential. They want us to study a character instead of sympathizing with him—if they're interested in character at all. Sometimes the director wants us to study *him*, and the pretty pictures he's made. Compare film history to art history, and you can see how movies are shifting away from humanism in two directions: back toward stiff Byzantine iconography and forward to the pop art of Roy Lichtenstein's cartoon figures, with balloons full of helium ideas.

So it comes as a surprise to find two new movies with socko endings. If author-star Sylvester Stallone has anything to do with it, you'll remember the final moments of *Rocky* with dewy eyes and a lump in your throat; and director Brian De Palma would be pleased if you were to feel a retrospective shudder up your spine when you think of *Carrie*. These movies are so effective (though not terribly good) because they draw their strengths from the narrative tradition, and they play on those strengths the way Jerry Lee Lewis pounded on his old standup piano. To elicit the desired audience reaction, Stallone and De Palma will try anything: tear gas, whoopee cushions, cattle prods. Still, they pay off with their movies' endings. And it's these endings—hysterically romantic for *Rocky*, screaming crimson bonkers for *Carrie*—that have turned the two films into the sleeper hits of the Thanksgiving season.

Stallone and Shire: simple and direct

For irrefutable proof of the durability of clichés, take a look at **Rocky**, a boxing story told with fairy-tale simplicity, or simplemindedness. The movie is as dumb and innocent (and as well put together) as its heavyweight hero; next to this movie, *Joe Palooka* seems decadent. In its search for the proper archetype, it bypasses such cynical fight-racket films of the postwar era as *Body and Soul* and *Champion*, and goes directly to the thirties Warner Brothers classic *Kid Galahad*, where the bad guys were dispensable and the good guys were stars. Seeing *Rocky* in a movie house, you may feel you've accidentally stepped into a time machine, and come out in a 1937 neighborhood Bijou. At first you can't believe the film's naiveté; then you notice the people around you being sucked into the story; and finally you feel the pull yourself. The point isn't that audiences necessarily believe *Rocky*, but that they surely do believe *in* it.

Rocky Balboa (Stallone) is a muscular, punch-drunk clubfighter who, like Rodney Dangerfield, can't get no respect. And he don't deserve none neither. As Mickey (Burgess Meredith), Rocky's once and future trainer, tells him: "You had the talent to become a winner. But instead you became a leg-breaker for some cheap loan shark." But *we* know that Rocky has potential. After all, doesn't he keep a couple of pet turtles in his tenement home? And doesn't he secretly yearn for Adrian (Talia Shire), the shy but—we know—soulful girl who sold him the turtles? Adrian has been shielded from the world by her overprotective brother Paulie (Burt Young), but sure enough, when Adrian finally takes her horn-rimmed glasses off, she turns out to be beautiful—and to love Our Hero. She tells Paulie: "You made me feel like a loser. Well I'm *not* a loser!"

Through a fluke so preposterous it could only happen in the movies, Rocky gets a title shot with a Muhammad Ali type (Carl Weathers). Rocky figures he doesn't stand a chance—we know different—but all he wants to do is go the distance, something no fighter has ever done against the Champ before. "I'm gonna know for the first time that I weren't just another bum from the neighborhood." Come round 15, and Rocky is dead on his feet—but he's on his feet. Then, guess which once-shy-but-now-beautiful pet-shop clerk walks into the arena. And guess which former bum from the neighborhood suddenly discovers the courage to finish the fight. And guess who passionately embrace in the middle of the postfight mob scene. And guess who got a warm lump in his critical throat.

What's remarkable about *Rocky* is that it makes no comment on this improbable success story. Stallone and

director John Avildsen never condescend to the material, never judge it; they just put it on the screen and dare you to snicker. The performances complement the movie's spirit: simple and direct. Each of the main actors somehow works about three ostentatious mannerisms into a believable character. Talia Shire gets the most mileage out of her shticks, but Stallone is more interesting. He makes do with a shambling walk, a thick monotone voice and a constantly running nose. Stallone carries himself with a kind of failed voluptuousness: his eyes and mouth run downhill on both sides of his face, and the effect is of a clay sculpture left out in the rain. Stallone could be a Frank Gorshin imitation of Brando, except that he plays it straight. Brando (or his successor, Robert DeNiro) would allow Rocky to suggest the fierce poetry of a working-class Apollo. Whether through choice or his own limitations, Stallone keeps his character resolutely ordinary. Rocky is no more than he seems: a *passaguay* with heart. And *Rocky* is exactly the picture Stallone and Avildsen wanted to make. Hemingway said he wrote for people who move their lips when they read. *Rocky* is for people who like to cry when they go to the movies.

If **Carrie** is more calculating about the effects it wants to create, it's because Brian De Palma is a much more sophisticated filmmaker. He knows that the story (about an unloved teenager whose telekinetic powers get a little out of hand) is schlock Gothic. And he's built a cult reputation around movies that uneasily combine sophomoric humor, Hitchcockian horror and an agreeably soupy romanticism. *Greetings*, *Phantom of the Paradise* and *Obsession* are full of terrific and terrible scenes that run side by side, or into each other. After a while you get the impression that De Palma himself doesn't know when he's very very good and when he's absolutely horrid.

At least in *Carrie* he's had the sense to separate the three strains into, virtually, three half-hour films. Part I, the High-School Bitchiness (in which one of Carrie's classmates plans a vengeful dirty trick to take place at the senior prom), is beneath contempt. Part II, the Soupy Romanticism (in which Carrie blossoms at the prom when she imagines she's both beautiful and popular), is beyond praise. And Part III, the Hitchcockian Horror (in which Carrie's powers, triggered by the vicious prank, reduce the prom site to a glowering inferno), will scare the shirt off your back. The last minute of *Carrie* contains a shock effect the like of which you may never have experienced in a movie before. The faint of heart are so advised. So are the frail of limb—I've still got bruises on my wrist where my petrified wife grabbed it in terror.

Sissy Spacek: a mesmerizing personality

There are chamber-piece movies; like *The Last Tycoon*, that play well in the intimate, sympathetic atmosphere of a screening room but are laughed out of large halls. *Carrie* is just the opposite. Watch it by yourself, and you'll squirm at the grossness of the teenage humor—four-lettered American graffiti written with spray paint. And after a while you may tire of noting De Palma's direct quotations from Hitchcock's *Psycho* (the town is called Bates, in honor of Tony Perkins' mummy; the shrieking violin notes in the horror scenes are the same as Bernard Herrman's horsehair-on-catgut score for *Psycho*; and the first four shots of Carrie getting into a bathtub are a direct steal from Janet Leigh's shower entrance). But in a Broadway theater packed with savvy blacks, *Carrie* delivered. The audience laughed when De Palma wanted them to, and screamed right on cue. *Carrie* is Pavlovian cinema at its most adroit.

When the film starts working, it becomes craft of a high order. But Sissy Spacek's performance as Carrie is a living work of art. In Terry Malick's superb *Badlands*, Spacek played a vacuous girl on the run with an easy-going mass murderer. Beneath the translucent skin (and the vulnerability) of a premature baby rabbit, Spacek managed to suggest an other-worldly dignity that simply ignores all moral correlatives. As written, Carrie is a role that vaults the spectrum from black depression to white-hot possession, but the actress fills in the enormous gaps with a characterization light years above what the part demands. Spacek's ethereal beauty helps, but the sense of discovery Carrie radiates, as the once-ugly duckling sails serenely into womanhood, can only come from the combustion of a sure talent and a mesmerizing personality. Spacek's performance is easily the best by an actress this year, because she inhabits the part instead of doing a man-woman star turn like Isabelle Adjani's in *The Story of Adele H.* or Liv Ullmann's in *Face to Face*. The scarifying finale of *Carrie* may make Brian de Palma a millionaire; I hope the film makes Sissy Spacek a star.

Music

The sound of Juzek

By Frank Conroy

The jazz world is full of sad stories—musicians destroyed by booze or drugs, abused by unscrupulous club owners and recording companies, or burnt out prematurely by the rigors of the road. A lot of jazzmen—childlike, living for the moment—simply don't know how to take care of themselves. But there are happy stories as well—players who lead lives anyone would envy. Independent. Proud. Immersed in a music that they love.

Ron Carter began playing cello at the age of ten in Detroit. When he

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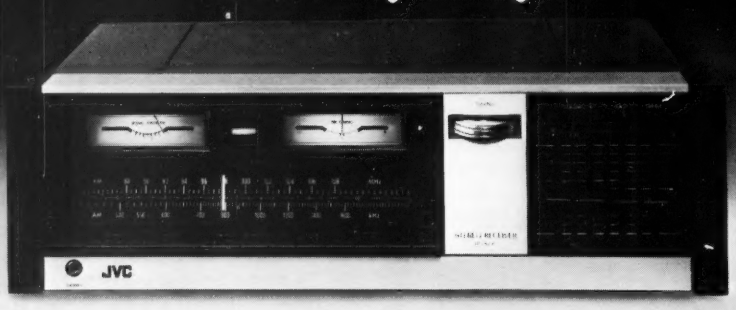

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A DEATH IN CANAAN

JOAN BARTHEL

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got big enough to hold up a double bass he switched to that instrument, not only because he liked the sound, but because "a black kid couldn't get work as a cellist—only bass." He studied the classical literature, worked with his teacher, and at the age of eighteen auditioned for a scholarship and a chance to work with the Eastman Rochester Symphony under Howard Hanson. He got the scholarship to Eastman School of Music and earned his B.A., at the same time playing jazz gigs on the weekends to earn money for books and expenses not covered by his grant. His remarkable natural talents and his capacity for work (this was an ambitious young man) made him, at twenty-one, an accomplished symphonic player, respected by his peers, and a first-rate jazzman doing weekend work behind visiting players in the local jazz rooms. Players like Sonny Stitt would return from Rochester to spread the word about a young monster upstate named Ron Carter, and when Ron finally arrived in New York his entree to the jazz world was assured.

One of his first breaks was a job with Chico Hamilton, who seems always to keep his ears open for good new players, and he went on to work with many other groups. Some listeners thought he did the lion's share of the work with the Miles Davis band—holding things together while Miles would drift on and off stage depending on his mood. But the key job, the job that brought him enormous prestige, was with John Coltrane — Coltrane on sax, Elvin Jones, drums, McCoy Tyner, piano, and Ron on bass. It was perhaps the most important jazz group of its time, and in the audience, on any given night, were many of the leading players of the day, listening with complete attention. Playing live, in clubs like the old Half Note, Ron projected his warm, full sound under Coltrane, the giant. People began to notice how Ron's notes seemed to last forever, and how quick and precise was his attack. In what was, rhythmically at least, a very demanding gig for a bassist, Carter played with a confidence that bordered on insouciance. He was so good, in fact, that he might be forgiven a certain restlessness during this period. He admitted to moments of boredom on the stand, because, as the music of that historic quartet was organized, Coltrane was free to shoot off into the stratosphere while Carter was pretty much grounded in the basic modal tonality. Carter might have to play a simple little

figure involving the root, the fifth, and a couple of grace notes over and over again, without variation, for as long as half an hour while Coltrane built, floor by floor, his great chunky skyscrapers in the air. In a lesser bassist this frustration would have amounted to sacrilege, but Carter was such an inventive player that a certain amount of champing at the bit was inevitable. The simple fact that he was strong enough to be heard through Coltrane, Jones and Tyner attracted the attention of A&R men. People took a close look at Ron's large German bass—a Juzek—trying to figure out how he could get such a solid tone and why the notes seemed to last so long. Was it the instrument? Some special trick? (There were no tricks. The answer lay in a combination of superb technique, a technique on which Ron has worked the greater part of his life, and a very good bass fiddle.) And if Ron sounded good in a club, it turned out that in the studio, plugged directly into the master console, his tone was nothing short of spectacular. He became, over the years, the most sought after jazz bassist for studio work since Paul Chambers.

Carter had done his homework. He got his Masters. He worked on his instrument. He worked on his musicianship. In the studio, he gained the reputation of being as solid as a rock. There is very little wasted time—you can put anything from Purcell to ceiling-tempo be-bop on the stand and he can, as they say, cut it. The breadth of his training has given him remarkable flexibility. "His adaptability is amazing," Paul Desmond said recently. "Most players have a special characteristic, a certain kind of feel, and you get one guy for one kind of feel, and then if you want another mood, you get a different guy. But Ron covers it all. My only regret is that it took me so long to get to him. I should have been playing with him years ago." Tone, flexibility and a seemingly inexhaustible supply of musical ideas (he is apt to play a simple turn-around a half dozen different ways in a single tune) are the keys to Carter's success.

A couple of weeks ago I had coffee with Ron at Sweet Basil, a particularly pleasant jazz room in New York where Ron was opening with his new quartet. Carter is a tall, slender man in his late thirties, strikingly handsome, physically graceful, with a friendly, open manner. There is a discreet sense of personal power about him—nothing in the least aggressive, but rather the feeling that one is dealing with a man who knows exactly who he is, and what he is about. "My kids are coming tonight," he said (three boys, eight to thirteen). "They ask me, 'Daddy, why aren't you famous?' I want them to see me doing what I'm doing instead of getting famous. Playing good music."

We talked about fame in the TV age for a while, and I said it was a shame so many poor black kids had only athletes to look up to. So many athletes and so few artists. Carter earns more money, for instance, than most professional athletes, and I said I thought the kids ought to know about that. Carter smiled. "Well, you can say we're doing all right out at our house. Things are comfortable."

Ron earns a minimum of double

Ron Carter: He's done his homework.

scale when he works in the studio, and in 1975 he made something like forty-five records. My music friends tell me that activity alone would bring in fifty or sixty thousand dollars. Ron has the reputation of being particularly astute when it comes to deals, and he seems to thrive on work. Add another twenty or thirty thousand for club work, special contracts, royalties and the like, and it would appear that the scholarship kid from Detroit is beginning to approach a hundred thousand a year.

Somehow, Carter still finds time and energy to compose, arrange, and rehearse very good jazz music—his own music—and to play it with his own group. For about a year he has been working with Kenny Barron, piano, Ben Riley, drums, and Buster Williams on full bass, in a group fronted by Ron playing piccolo bass (an interesting instrument, tuned a fourth above an ordinary bass, to the notes C, G, D, A, or as Ron puts it, "the cello intervals backwards.") Ron does his studio work, and he does it very well, but you don't have to talk to him for long before you discover where his deepest feelings lie. "I really believe," he said at one point, "that this group can be the band of the seventies. These guys are terrific musicians, and the kind of music we're playing is where it's at." I must admit that, for a moment, I wondered if Ron was hyping me, or hyping himself, because he was talking about a band without any horns. Even Mingus uses horns. The lead instrument in Carter's group is the piccolo bass, and part of Ron's task is going to be to educate the audience—to get them to listen to the extraordinary things that can be done on a bass instead of on a sax or a trumpet, which are more dramatic, easier to hear, and more familiar.

"You know what I do when it gets noisy?" he asked. "I play a solo piece. I play a piece for unaccompanied bass. I *save* those pieces for when it gets noisy, and you wouldn't believe how fast it quiets down. The room becomes completely still when I do that."

I heard the band that night, and it was a joy. When the basses play together the lines are distinct because of tone—Buster's molasses against Ron's maple sugar. Carter, who is perfection personified in the studio, and *never* hits a wrong note, solos with a much looser feeling. He is not afraid to be imperfect, and takes chances, and sometimes goes in over his head, with the result that his playing is earthy and exciting. Buster takes care of the bottom line, and Carter phrases like a horn player. Barron and Riley play beautifully, and the group has such a careful balance of sound that the music seems particularly lucid. You can hear everything, right down to the squeak of fingers against strings. Carter's arrangements, which have the intricacy and cleanness of the inside of a Swiss watch, are therefore in high relief, easy to savor in their intelligence and satisfying, exuberant playfulness. Two basses, drums and piano manage to create an astonishing variety of moods and colors without apparent strain, articulating a whole series of ideas about how to put it all together in a kind of group legerdemain that seems, at times, truly magical. Carter's quartet may never make a gold record, may

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never tap the Herbie Hancock audience that Ron would like to capture, but I can't think of any group that plays better music.

At the end of the evening I watched Carter move easily through the room, shaking hands, accepting compliments, laughing, feeling good. It was one of those curious moments when you hear yourself think—when a phrase will suddenly appear, whole and entire, in your head. *This man has got everything covered,* I found myself thinking. And he does.

★★★★ **All Blues,** *Ron Carter* (CTI). Carter, Roland Hanna and Billy Cobham, with Joe Henderson's tenor saxophone. Except for the title tune, written by Miles Davis, and one standard, all the tunes are Carter's—and they demonstrate his range. Whether the tune is lyrical, funky or witty, his writing is always clean and intelligent. This record is for the music rather than bravura instrumental performances—which is not to say everyone doesn't play very well indeed. A fine rendition of Carter's irresistible "Rufus."

★★★★ **Alone Together,** *Jim Hall/ Ron Carter duo* (MSP Milestone). Ron has four strings—the lowest of them lengthened with a special extension on the neck of his Juzek to reach low C—and Jim Hall has six on his guitar. They amble through some well known tunes, making fresh, intricate solutions to familiar puzzles. The charts are delightful, and the rapport is almost supernatural. A sort of soulful two-man petit point, if such a thing can be imagined. First-rate jazz.

★★★★ **Yellow and Green,** *Ron Carter* (CTI). One of the things Carter is good at is the use of microtones. There are no frets on the bass, and Ron explores the implications of that fact on this record. Notes can be approached from slightly below pitch, or slightly above, and go to the center, or they can start in the center and bend. Carter does a sort of broad tempering of his scales as he plays, and it's one of the reasons his sound is so live. Billy Cobham, drums, Hugh McCracken, guitar.

Records

By Jim Miller

★★★★ **A New World Record,** *Electric Light Orchestra* (United Artists); ★ **Blue Moves,** *Elton John* (MCA). Ponderous pop is a drag. It usually lacks the proper LRq (Little Richard quotient): namely, the readiness to shout "wop-bob-a-loom-bop" and leave it at that.

On their new albums, both ambitious efforts cut with symphony orchestras, Electric Light Orchestra has the proper LRq, Elton John does not.

A spin-off of Move, a late-sixties quartet of British rockers, ELO is the brainchild of Jeff Lynne, its producer/arranger/composer/lead singer. A shameless eclectic, Lynne artfully stitches together prefab riffs with a tuneful sense of absurdity. On *New World*, by far this band's best album, he borrows from Lennon-McCartney (a lot), the Beach Boys, Phil Spector, Little Richard, raga rock (the nutty bridge on "So Fine"), even the Four Seasons (the neo-doo-wop harmonies on "Telephone Line").

ELO's gimmick has long been combining rock with strings. This time out an entire orchestra saws cheerfully through the most wonderfully gauche glissandi since Leiber and Stoller got carried away on the Drifters' "This Magic Moment." With gurgling arias and synthesizers patched into the mix, it all makes for a pretty majestic concerto—that is, if your image of majesty can accommodate a tuxedoed butler burping.

Elton's latest, by contrast, is a white elephant in earnest. Fans of Mancini's sound track for *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, take note, however: "Sorry Seems To Be the Hardest Word" may just be your cup of tea.

★★★ **Alone Again,** *George Jones* (Epic); ★★★ **Here I Am Drunk Again,** *Moe Bandy* (Columbia). Thanks to the newfound restraint shown by producer Billy Sherrill, Jones' disk showcases the great baritone in unadorned splendor: "A Drunk Can't Be a Man" offers real redneck poesy. Bandy continues down the honky-tonk trail he has helped make freshly fashionable: his version of Hank Williams' "Mind Your Own Business" does the master justice.

★★★ **Love and Touch,** *Tyrone Davis* (Columbia). An unassuming but appealing set by Davis, the true heir to Jerry Butler's brand of cool funk and Chicago's answer to Al Green.

10 tips for tennis players from the pages of *World Tennis*

1 How to correct a floating grip: Hold a dime against your racket handle with the little finger. If your grip shifts during your hit the dime will fall.

2 How to put your weight into your serve: Place a chair, table or other object next to the knee on your serving side. This will keep you from kicking sideways during follow-through, and put more pace into your serve.

3 How to watch the ball and follow through effortlessly: As the ball comes toward you, concentrate on its seams. You'll realize stronger contact, better placement.

4 How to correct backhand trouble: Problems often stem from the grip. Test yours by placing your racket face under your left arm, butt outwards. Reach over and grasp the handle with your right hand. A perfect backhand grip will result.

5 How to determine your proper grip size: Measure from the long crease in your palm (usually second down from the fingers) to the tip of your ring finger, positioning ruler between ring and middle finger.

6 How to hit the ball in front of your body: Slide a headband over both arms. This will force you to reduce your backswing, making your volley more accurate and effective.

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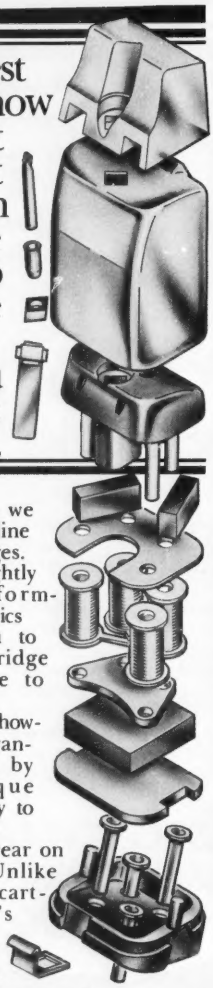

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Books

Death's personal touch

By Geoffrey Wolff

The Face of Battle *by John Keegan.* Viking (354 pp., $10.95).

I once had occasion to interview men who had served in World War I. Some of them could not accurately recollect the year of their marriage, or the order in which they had progressed through various employments. But they seemed to recall the most inconsequential details about the particular front on which they had served more than half a century past, and could draw with complete confidence maps showing this hill and that beet field, this farmhouse and that shell-broken town hall. John Keegan, a British military historian, noticed the phenomenon, a "faculty of total topographical recall," in his own father, a veteran of that war which was, for its veterans, life's most prominent circumstance. And one suspects with Keegan that World War I became The Experience for those who served in it not because of considerations of national or ideological consequence but because it was quintessentially an experience of battle, and that battle is the quintessential personal experience.

Well, of course: in battle all is at hazard—time, honor, vitality itself—and one would expect the experience to register. But the fact is that with very few exceptions (Samuel L. Marshall's *Men Against Fire* is one), military histories have failed to explore the conditions of battle as a man might experience them. Keegan has been teaching war studies to would-be British officers at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, since 1960. And it came to him that he had no business lecturing on battle because he had never been in one, so he resolved to replicate as best he could, from written and oral testimony, from deduction and common sense, from medical records and the actual look of the battlefield, what it must have sounded like, felt like, smelled like, tasted like to be under fire.

He has chosen three great battles, waged within a hundred miles of one another, to create reconstructions of wonderful virtuosity. His work is no mere tour de force of narrative but aspires to, and frequently attains, the summits of humane scholarship. Of his battles the first—Agincourt, October 25, 1415—was a moral rather than a territorial victory for the English King Henry V against the French; the second—Waterloo, June 18, 1815—put Napoleon finally and utterly to rout; and the third—the initial Battle of the Somme, July 1, 1916—slaughtered and maimed sixty thousand English troops, to no end at all.

Face of battle: the skull of a Swedish soldier, killed at Visby in 1361

Conventional military history is written either by romancers playing the full pipe organ of the Battle Piece or by chronologers and statisticians. Typical of the former was General Sir William Napier, whom Keegan calls a "big-production man." Napier believed that it was the business of the historian to retail the exploits of heroes, by magnification if necessary, and to cause "the multitude . . . to wonder. . . ." Powder-dry statisticians work from documents, which do not bleed or cry out or overcome terror. Keegan makes

use of their numbers, but not to explore the character of generalship and national strategy (though he cannot be blamed for his contempt for Sir Douglas Haig, whose policy of war by attrition against the Germans in World War I bled England white).

"What is it like to be in a battle?" he asks, and answers with specifics scrupulously plucked from the welter. At Agincourt the field on which Henry's longbowmen decimated the French men-at-arms had been freshly ploughed, and the French labored slowly under the weight of their armor, as their horses too lost mobility. It had been raining, "air temperature was probably in the forties or low fifties Fahrenheit and many in the army were suffering from diarrhoea. . . . sufferers would have had to relieve themselves where they stood." Cold as they were, the order to close with the French was no doubt welcome, as it would restore their circulation. The sound of contact was monstrous, as arrows, "sheets of five thousand at ten-second intervals," struck armor.

At Waterloo the British infantrymen also suffered from a wet field. They too were overmarched and underfed, and exhausted. The noise—of artillery and of musketballs hitting flesh and metal, especially swords—was awful, and the scene was shrouded in gunsmoke. The infantry was divided into squares. The men's backs were to the square's center, so that some were obliged to face away from the enemy's lines, and "their nerves would have been taut with the expectation of a cannon-ball in the back." The enemy concentrated its artillery on these squares, ignoring the exposed snipers, "skirmishers," as they were called. "But though objectively more dangerous a post than a skirmishing line—at least in most circumstances—a square *felt* safer."

And here we come to Keegan's most arresting contribution to a comprehension of extreme conditions of combat. He applies reason to a matter left till now to fiction: why does a soldier run away? More interesting: why does he not? He finds many reasons why a soldier breaks, common sense being not the least. Napoleon's Imperial Guard, his elite force, turned and fled at Waterloo, without evident cause. Why? "Inside every army is a crowd struggling to get out, and the strongest fear with which every commander lives—stronger than his fear of

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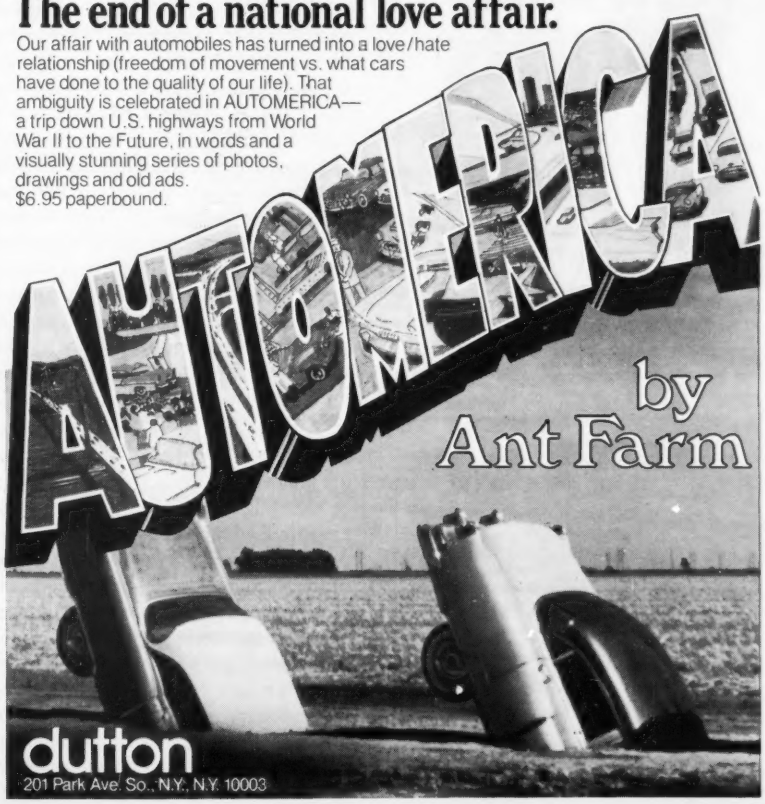

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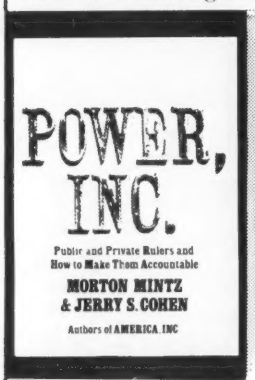

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defeat or even of mutiny—is that of his army reverting to a crowd through some error of his making. For a crowd is the antithesis of an army, a human assembly animated not by discipline but by mood. . . ."

But in these battles the British line held, and Keegan does not pretend to know entirely why. At Agincourt and Waterloo many soldiers were drunk, and their exhaustion helped numb them to the reality of danger. At both battles looting was a fundamental preoccupation of the troops, checking their flight, and they were evidently mindful of the fact "that soldiers die in largest numbers when they run, because it is when they turn their backs to the enemy that they are least able to defend themselves." This last observation is, as Keegan narrates, the ancient property of Ardant du Picq, but a more crucial explanation of soldierly courage is his own.

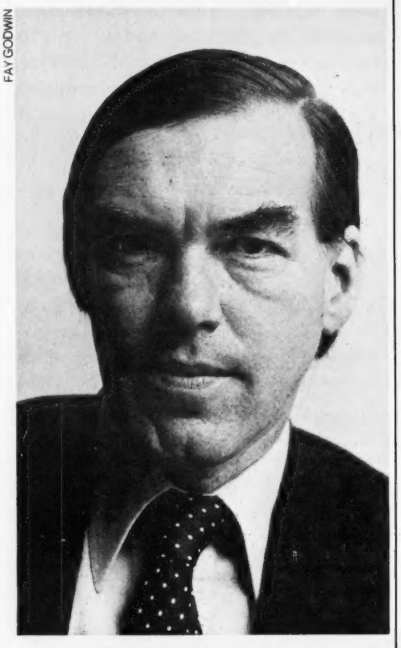
Keegan believes that the Duke of Wellington's endlessly quoted homily, that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, is fundamentally accurate: that the heedlessness of the British officer corps, heedless of risk both to themselves and their men, held together the British armies. At Agincourt for a gentleman to meet his foe was the occasion for which he had been trained since boyhood: "To meet and beat him was a triumph, the highest form which self-expression could take in the medieval nobleman's way of life." His indifference to death was a reproach and an example to his men, and even more at Waterloo, where gentlemen no longer wished to kill, but rather to be wounded. Officers invited death, and expected their miserable charges to invite it with them. When one officer noted some of his men duck an incoming cannonball he shouted at them "For shame, for shame!" and thereafter his men stood ramrod straight.

For men of the lower classes, being shot at has historically been without honor, yet, blinded by the brilliance of their officers, the men seemed not to have noticed this: being shot at was the entire consummation of the First Battle of the Somme. The victims of that massacre, a consequence of Haig's denseness and the Germans' unhindered use of machine guns, were what Keegan calls "a trusting army." They followed their officers over the top into no-man's-land to be cut down, within minutes, like tin ducks at a carnival gallery. Their officers kept their revolvers holstered, carried swagger sticks and sang. One of them set off with his men into the teeth of the Germans kicking a soccer ball, a jolly giggle. The carnage, as many writers of fiction have learned, was beyond words, and Keegan gives personal and moving testimony to the effect of the episode on him as a writer:

Accounts of the Somme produce in readers and audiences much the same range of emotions as do descriptions of the running of Auschwitz—guilty fascination, incredulity, horror, disgust, pity and anger—and not only from the pacific and tender-hearted; not only from the military historian, on whom, as he recounts the extinction of this brave effort or that, falls an awful lethargy, his typewriter keys tapping leadenly on the paper to drive the lines of print, like the waves of a Kitchener battalion failing to take its objective, more and more slowly towards the foot of the page; but also from professional soldiers. Anger is the response which the story of the Somme most commonly evokes among professionals. Why did the commanders not do something about it? Why did they let the attack go on? Why did they not stop one battalion following in the wake of another to join it in death?

Paul Fussell, in his recent book

FAY GODWIN



John Keegan: He replicates, from records and testimony and the look of the battlefield, what it must have sounded like, smelled like, tasted like to be under fire.

The Great War and Modern Memory, has with notable intelligence and compassion traced to the British experience in the trenches the beginning of the principal characteristics of what we call "modernism": irony, a sense that language cannot signify, the *versus* habit, an antagonism for cant and received opinions. Hemingway's *Farewell to Arms* memorably summarizes Frederick Henry's war-won revulsion for abstract words of all kinds. But what, I wish Keegan would say, were the immediate effects of the Somme's carnage on the battle's survivors? There were more battles like the first, some arguably worse. Keegan believes that there will be no more like them again, that technology, developing its malign weapons in the benign name of the welfare state, has surpassed in its awful ingenuity the limits of human endurance. But what did the survivors *then* say and feel and do about what they had just experienced?

One of Keegan's most interesting arguments is that battles are only recollected in print by officers, and so when only one of eighteen officers of the Inniskillings emerged from Waterloo unwounded, it was inevitable that that regiment's history would remain distorted and incomplete, just as the Battle of the Somme, paid for in greatest part by the lowest classes, would never be articulated. Perhaps, but the single important flaw in *The Face of Battle* is its failure to take proper account, in the way of *The Great War and Modern Memory*, of the long-term human and cultural toll of the last battle it chooses to report.

The book suffers minor vices, worth noting only because its author is otherwise so impeccable a stylist and scholar. Keegan favors complicated sentences, and sometimes tangles them inextricably in an underbrush of dependent clauses, a symptom of his wish to be precisely accurate. He yields less forgivably to French phrases—*maître-ouvrier*, *corps à corps*, *au pied de la lettre*, *enragé*, *idée de base*—that have exact equivalents in English, as well as to antiquated usages in his own language. But when he is in form he is as original, valuable, entertaining and humane as any historian could be. His set piece on analogies between battle and the "extreme climbing" techniques used between the wars against the north face of the Eiger is brilliant; coming as it does at the end of this book, I hope it dovetails into another.

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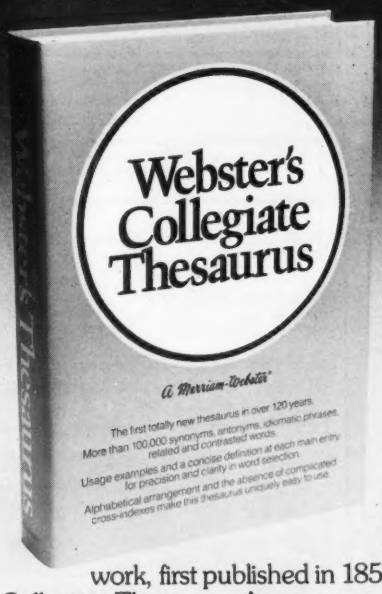
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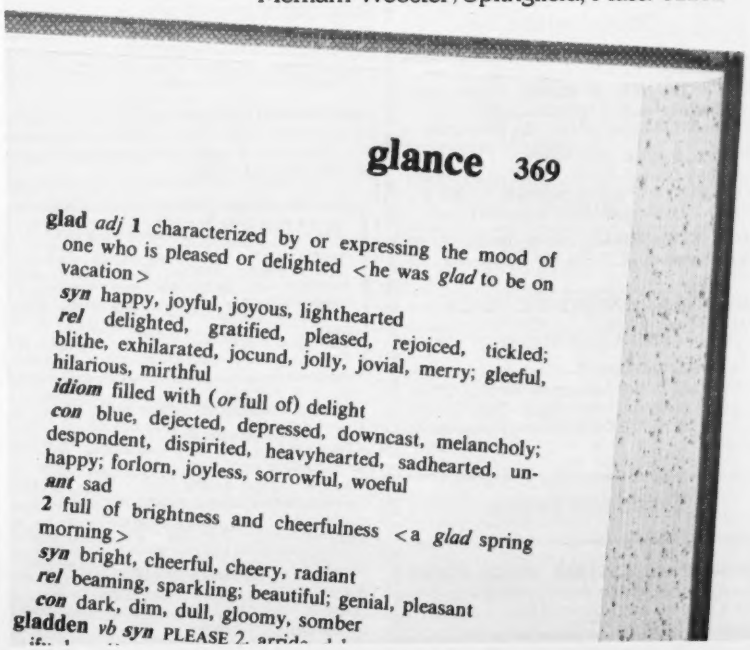
glance 369
glad adj 1 characterized by or expressing the mood of one who is pleased or delighted <he was glad to be on vacation>
syn happy, joyful, joyous, lighthearted
rel delighted, gratified, pleased, rejoiced, tickled; blithe, exhilarated, jocund, jolly, jovial, merry; gleeful, hilarious, mirthful
idiom filled with (or full of) delight
con blue, dejected, depressed, downcast, melancholy; despondent, dispirited, heavyhearted, sadhearted, unhappy; forlorn, joyless, sorrowful, woeful
ant sad
2 full of brightness and cheerfulness <a glad spring morning>
syn bright, cheerful, cheery, radiant
rel beaming, sparkling; beautiful; genial, pleasant
con dark, dim, dull, gloomy, somber
gladden vb syn PLEASE 2, arride

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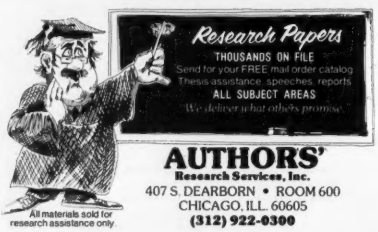

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Final Tribute

Another victim of the Legionnaires' disease/By Lawrence Wright

On November 18, 1976, the Bellevue Stratford Hotel expired. She was 72. William Chadwick, the hotel's vice-president, gave the cause as "adverse publicity," which is at least as true as saying that the 29 people who perished following an American Legion convention at the Bellevue died of pneumonia. Both the pneumonia and the publicity were adverse complications of a frightening illness called Legionnaires' disease, which so far has eluded any understanding by the thousands of scientists, reporters and amateur detectives who have probed the elegant accouterments of the Bellevue looking for clues.

The old lady first opened her doors in 1904, and from the beginning her French chandeliers, hand-painted German tiles and twin Italian staircases made her the fanciest item in Philadelphia. The Vanderbilts and the Biddles lived in her and the du Ponts owned her for a while during the depression. Royalty came often to the Bellevue, as has every American president since Teddy Roosevelt. The old lady was queen, all right, and although she had gotten a little frazzled through the years and couldn't really support her reputation of Victorian grandeur, she still maintained a full staff of master craftsmen to attend her needs, including a plasterer who fashioned the rococo medallion on the walls and a painter for the gilded filigree on the ceilings.

Occupancy at the hotel during the Bicentennial summer had been high, and the management hoped that the losses of the past four years might be recouped. But after August 2, the day the news of the mysterious illness broke, the cancellations began to arrive. Tourists and conventions changed hotels, if not cities. Airline personnel backed out of their monthly contracts, and, once the stewardesses left, the ball players weren't far behind. The Chicago Cubs were the first to go. "They're a bunch of goddam babies," apologized the Chicago manager as he canceled reservations. Occupancy fell and fell and fell, until only 3 percent of the 718 rooms were rented.
In the first fortnight of November the hotel lost $118,000—almost twice the deficit of the entire year of 1972, which was a particularly bad year.

Finally, the management capitulated, and a funny thing happened. People came. In the last week of the old lady's life reservations went up, and her dining room was so packed that registered guests couldn't get in. People wandered in from the streets and milled around in the lobby. Things began to disappear—silverware and towels, of course, but odd things as well, such as the plain metal push plate on the kitchen door, and a single handle from a Chippendale dresser in the hallway of the fourteenth floor. A guest going to and from his room would find the restaurant marquee behind the lucite frame missing on his way up and the frame itself gone on his way down. It called to mind the passing of Bouboulina, the decayed but still "elegant Parisienne" of *Zorba the Greek*, "who, in her time, had bounced the four great Powers on her knee," but whose envious mourners ransacked her satin and feathers even before she died. Not all the mourners came to plunder. An elderly gentleman who was examining the plumbing in the men's room, on the theory that contamination from these stainless fixtures led to the Legionnaires' disease, recalled that he had danced with his bride in the old lady's grand ballroom in 1918.

One fellow wore a tuxedo to the spontaneous wake in the hotel bar the night before the closing. "I figured that's how people dressed when she opened," he said. In the coffee shop, one morning of the last week a woman went from table to table gathering signatures for a petition to save the Bellevue. "Who's it addressed to?" one signer asked. "The television people are going to interview me," she responded, surprised at the thought that petition-gathering could be anything other than a form of publicity.

And on that rather dizzy note, the Grand Old Lady of Broad turned out her lights. It's hard to believe that the old lady, through some freakish accident of structure or design, killed 29 people, but unless someone solves the mystery of Legionnaires' disease the old lady is condemned to be sold and probably razed. She'll be destroyed as an effigy for whoever or whatever the real killer is, and when she's gone, the killer will have won again. ●

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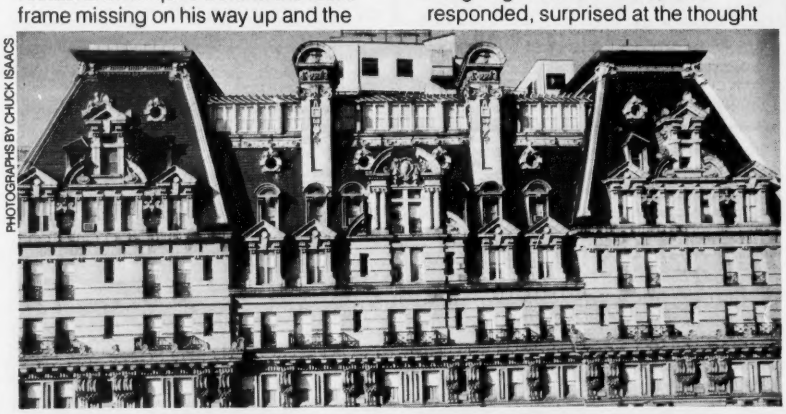

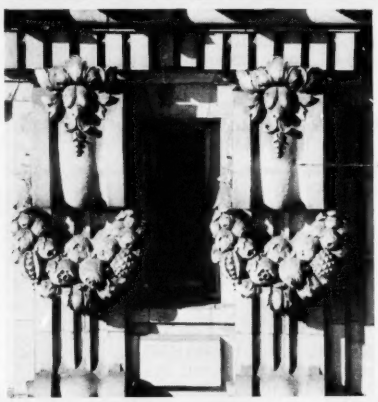

The Bellevue-Stratford: Now the last guest has gone.

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